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ALL IN THE FAMILY

THE son of the famous Theodore Roosevelt has come to the defense of an institution dear to the heart of his illustrious father—the American family. His strategy is of the simplest kind, and therefore the most convincing. He lets the story of his childhood in the big, rambling house on Sagamore Hill speak for itself. You will find that this book unlocks the storehouse of your memory. It will set you thinking of your childhood. For as young Colonel Theodore Roosevelt points out, the story of the Roosevelt family is the story of any average American home.

Young Alice thrilling over a triumph at tennis; Ethel and Theodore persuading Archie to carry a live toad inside his shirt; the daily squabble over who is to eat from the "beetle" plate at supper; Kermit swearing gaily—and inventively—to the dentist that his mother hit him and broke his front tooth; the family picnic—these are incidents which lose nothing in the telling. The Roosevelts at play, and at work; their sports; their recreations; even their pets and childhood bird, beast and fish museums, are fully and informally described.

This book abounds in fresh anecdotes concerning the greatest of the Roosevelts. His admirers will find here new and delightful stories of the inimitable "Teddy" at home. As for the rest, here is a code of ethics for bringing up children which every parent would do well to read.



The Three Theodores—II, III and IV

(The present Colonel Roosevelt is popularly known as "the second" but he is really the third Theodore).

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ALL *in the* FAMILY

By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

With 16 Illustrations

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ALL IN THE FAMILY



Copyright, 1929

by

Theodore Roosevelt

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"Like the vine round the trunk of the tree,
The law runneth forward and back.
For the strength of the pack is the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack."

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SO wrote Kipling in *The Jungle Book*. Like much that he tells us casually in his stories, it is sound philosophy. What he says about the Seonee wolf-pack may well be said of the family.

It has become fashionable among certain silly people to rail at this greatest of civilized institutions—the family. This is merely a method of attracting attention to themselves. Too feeble in powers to stand out in competition along established lines, they try to achieve prominence by deliberately departing from them—as a man of ordinary appearance might draw attention to himself by dressing in bright red trousers with yellow spots.

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Like the man from Waco, Texas, who criticized Shakespeare and failed to realize that he was reflecting not on Shakespeare but on himself, they belittle not the family but themselves.

Fortunately there is little chance of their working harm, for they are too weak and the family is too strong. It is rooted so deeply in most that makes life worth living. The great majority of the joys and sorrows of the average American cluster around the family. After all, it is the family that is epoch-making, for it is within its circle that the greatest events of life take place—birth and death. It is very difficult to get a picture of the family from literature, because books generally do not deal with averages. The home circles pictured are usually either too good or too bad, too rich or too poor. It is not the writer who is to blame for this, but the reader, for the reader does not wish a story dealing with the humdrum of every day. He wants a contrast, something out of the ordinary. He wants to see himself as he would like to be, not as he is.

There is no such thing as a family without children. It is as unthinkable as a drum major without a band. Much that I have to say, therefore, is about children.

Those with whom these stories deal are the



Hallway in Roosevelt's Home Showing Trophies.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

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Roosevelts living at Oyster Bay during the last forty years. Naturally Father and Mother play an important part. Then come my brothers and sisters, Kermit, Archie, Quentin, Alice and Ethel. Later all our wives and children appear on the scene. We certainly never lacked in numbers. Today there are over twenty.

Our family is certainly no different in any material way from hundreds of thousands of others from Walla Walla to New York. We have the requisite number of children of both sexes. What is more, the stories and incidents, the proverbs and allusions in use, have been handed down from the generations before us, who were probably not greatly different from us. Unquestionably many who read these sketches will say, "Why, that is just what happened to us."

To understand a family it is necessary to know what their house is like, for the home where a family grows up is always a part of the background of life for every child. The beauty of the house makes surprisingly little difference to the children. It is what happens there that counts.

It was a distinct shock to me one day not long ago when someone called our old home, Sagamore, ugly. On sober thoughts I suppose it is. I do not know what you would call the architecture—per-

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haps a bastard Queen Anne. What if it is? It still is Sagamore.

The house has that air of having been lived in which is the requisite of every home. It never was and never will be entirely in repair. There are always boards missing in the lattice under the piazza and there is many a place where a lick of paint would not come amiss. What is more, we would not wish it to be groomed like a war-profitier's mansion just delivered from the hands of an interior decorator—a "do what you think best and damn the expense" type of house.

Though the exterior of the house may be ugly, no one could call it ugly within. Sagamore is the offspring of the years as surely as is a reef of coral. Wings and rooms, pictures and furniture, have been built or bought "the year your brother Quentin was born," or "when your Father came back from Africa." Each tells a story in the same fashion as the rings in the trunk of a great tree. Here is a footstool "from your great-grandfather's house on 14th Street." There is a rosewood desk that "belonged to your great-aunt Kermit."

A fair-sized hall is in the center of the house. In it are hung horns and heads of animals from many lands. In front of the fireplace stands a great elephant-tusk gong, whose sonorous notes

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call the family to meals. Over a threadbare brown cloth sofa hangs a buffalo hide, with a contemporaneous Indian picture of the Custer massacre. The artist was not very good, for the little blue figures of the soldiers and the brown Indians are as wooden as in a child's drawing. What he lacked in technique he made up in ferocity, for practically every soldier is spouting blood like a fountain. At one side of the hall stands a very handsome bronze rhinoceros. Mother always hangs her hat on its front horn, which gives it a slightly dissipated look.

The hall is flanked by the library, Mother's drawing room, the dining room, and the North Room. Shelves bulging with books, game heads and pictures line their walls. Skins and rugs alternate on their floors, ranging from the creamy white of a polar bear, the gift of Peary, to draggled bits of Persian carpet from goodness knows where. In front of the library fire there used to be a rug of beaver skins taken near my Father's ranch in North Dakota. When it became dilapidated it was cut into baby-carriage rugs for the grandchildren.

By far the handsomest part of the house is the North Room. It is as large as all the other rooms on the ground floor put together. Father had it

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built when he was President. Every bit of wood or piece of stone which went into its construction came from the United States or her possessions.

The walls are paneled, the ceiling is high. From it hang the flags carried by my Father in the Spanish-American War and his standard when he was President. Their flashing colors are set off by the somber brown of the woodwork.

On one side is a great fireplace large enough to contain a good-sized fire and a child or two sitting on each side as well. It is flanked by the heads of two buffalo, shot when the last of those animals were roaming the "Bad Lands." Facing them from across the room are the heads of two magnificent elk. From the horns of one hang the hat and sword that my Father had when he was a Rough Rider. On the floor is a big rug, a present from the Shah of Persia. A pair of gigantic elephant tusks given Father by King Menelik of Abyssinia stand on either side of the door. Brilliant paintings by Simonds hang on the walls. A portrait of Father in his riding clothes hangs near a window.

Every corner of the room has its treasures. On a cabinet stands a suit of miniature Japanese armor, given Father by Admiral Togo. Two splendid Japanese swords hang in a case on the wall,

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relics of the old Samurai days when knighthood was in flower in Japan. There is a ponderous leather-covered volume of the Psalms of David that belonged to Menelik. Its parchment sheets are brilliantly illuminated. A gorgeous yellow case embroidered with a dragon contains a letter from that lady of doubtful character but undoubted ability, the Dowager Empress of China. Perhaps the most interesting of all are some photographs that are kept in a polished wood box. They were taken by the official German photographer when Father was reviewing the Imperial troops as guest of the Kaiser. The German Emperor wrote annotations on the backs and sent them to Father. One of these runs, "Carnegie is an old peace bore. Send him to D'Estournelles." A number of others are in much the same strain.

Shortly after Father received them, the German Emperor sent Von Bethmann Hollweg with a polite request that they be returned to him, which my Father equally politely refused.

The North Room to me always means evening, a great fire blazing on the hearth, its flickering light dancing on the flags in the gloom of the ceiling, Father, a book under one arm, poking it with a long iron trident, Mother sitting sewing in a corner of the sofa by a lamp.

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Upstairs around a dark hall hung with family portraits are the bedrooms. They are comfortable, but any decorator would be horrified by them. From the threadbare Brussels carpets to the steel engravings in the best mid-Victorian manner, their furniture is polyglot.

Then there is the bathroom. When we were children America was still in the "family bathroom" stage. Father and Mother and the guests took their morning baths in great circular tin tubs brought to their rooms and then filled with water. I can see those circular tin tubs as I write. They were enameled, but invariably part of the enamel was chipped off and showed the tin beneath. We children used "the bathroom" serially. In it there was a deep narrow porcelain tub with faucets that trickled a tantalizingly thin stream of water from a height. When we were very little two of us would be put in together "to save time." Generally we took with us a toy fish or duck with which to play while we were soaped. When the stopper was pulled and the water had nearly run out, the wastepipe made the most astonishing series of gurgles. We were told by our Irish nurse that these were the out-cries of the "faucet lady" and we watched with care to see if we could catch a glimpse of her head in the pipe.

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For some queer childish reason I decided that the nuns I occasionally saw were "faucet ladies"—perhaps because I had no idea what they did, and in their long robes and hoods they seemed to me set apart from ordinary people.)

The tub stood on four iron-clawed feet. Once I found a live weasel under it. The animal had made its way up alongside a badly cased pipe.

That tub still stands at Sagamore. It has "defied the tooth of envious time." True, it has changed. Its sides are walled in with varnished planks, but "you may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still." There are half a dozen upstart bathrooms in various parts of the house. To us, however, the old tub is still supreme. My sister Alice when she comes up from Washington always uses it, no matter how much more convenient any of its rivals may be.

The east end of the second floor was set aside for the children. As time passed and the numbers grew they overflowed into other parts of the house, but that wing was always their undisputed stronghold. It consisted of two good-sized rooms with a third small one between. The little room had no legitimate exit except through the two larger. It had its compensations, because its windows

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opened on a sloping roof, from which a water pipe gave easy access to the ground.

Once a little girl came to call on my sister Ethel. We all hated this child, especially Ethel, but with the fatuous blindness of grown-ups, the parents continued to bring her to the house at frequent intervals. The noise of the greetings at the front door warned us of what was impending downstairs. Kermit and Ethel hastily scuttled to the little room.

Father's voice rose from the hall below: "Ethel, Susie has come to see you."

No sound came from the room but a furious scuffling.

Still louder, "Ethel! Come at once!"

A final struggle in the room, followed by the sound of a closing window, then Kermit's voice sweetly innocent: "Father, Ethel is not here at all."

Kermit and Ethel were an iniquitous pair when young, and beat one another or stood up for one another with equal fervor. Archie, who was a number of years younger, tagged along behind them. To his lot fell all the misery that comes to any small child who follows his elders.

A calla lily has a sharp bitter taste. If you chew it it stings the tongue for many minutes. Kermit



Children of the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Left to right: Ethel, Alice, Quentin, Kermit, Archie.
Seated on floor: Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. (the present Colonel).

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and Ethel told Archie that the leaf of this lily was the water of life, and for a whole afternoon he went around heroically chewing it, in the belief that he was adding to his longevity.

Another time they dropped a live toad down the back of his shirt. His yells were so appalling that they became frightened and attempted to soothe him. What with encouraging him to be brave and taunting him with cowardice, they were so successful that he completely calmed down and went gardening with the toad still inside his shirt.

On the top floor is the Gun Room, so-called because it was there we kept our arsenal, ranging from a .22, the property of the children, to an old Sharps rifle that had belonged to my Father in the days when the West was really wild. A weapon that always spelled romance to us was Father's 30-30 Winchester with the fang marks on its butt where a mountain lion had worried it.

Outside of the house on three sides runs a broad verandah. At one end it is bowered in honeysuckle vines, which in summer give a drowsy sweet scent, and among whose blossoms bees and humming birds drone. The northwest looks towards the Sound, beyond which rise the blue hills of Connecticut. Big battered armchairs stand in groups. In the evening we gather there in the restful dark

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and talk to the creak of the rockers. "The tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up the Sound" before us. When the lights of the boat from New York had passed out of sight behind Lloyd's Neck it was the rule that the younger ones should go to bed.

Sagamore was built by Father in a wheat field. All the trees were planted by him, but even when I was little they were well grown. Maples, white birches, pines and poplars jostle one another in an orderly confusion. When autumn is on the land the white trunks and yellow leaves of the birches form a gorgeous contrast with the red of the maples and the somber green of the pines. A weeping elm stands at one corner of the house. It was named after a friend because it seemed as melancholy as he. For the last twenty years orange-liveried orioles have woven their purse-like gray nests in its drooping branches. Beneath it stands a blue and white basin filled with water in which the birds splash and from which the dogs drink.

Quite a sizeable cluster of pine trees stands behind the North Room. They were planted as seedlings when my daughter Gracie was born, and are known as "Gracie's Grove."

Behind the house is the stable, a disjointed ram-

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bling building full of musty corners and promising mysteries. Old harness, saddles, eel spears, and a hundred other oddments are piled in the dark under its eaves.

In its rear are the cow-sheds where we used to gather with our silver mugs to drink the milk warm from the cows—a most unsanitary performance according to modern standards.

The garden in early days was ruled by an old negro named Davis. He was bent with age and his face was as wrinkled as a withered apple. About him hung a vaguely hinted tragedy to the effect that all his children had died from injudiciously using mercury as sugar at a make-believe tea-party. We must have been a “thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire” to him—tramping on his flower beds, eating his grapes and currants. His form of address to us had such a sameness that we christened him “Old Let-It-Be.”

Beyond the gardens and fields the woods stretch almost unbroken to the shores in both directions. Every corner of them was known to us. One of our favorites was the wood-pile pond, a noisome bit of stagnant water and black mud into which the pig-sty drained. We liked it particularly because countless turtles sat on the rotten logs that lay there, or slowly swam over its surface, their

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heads sticking out of the green scum like small periscopes.

Mother is living in Sagamore now. Though we all gather there constantly we have houses of our own nearby. My house is about a quarter of a mile distant. In point of age it is older than Sagamore, as it was built nearly a century ago. It is a solid square structure, raised when houses were built to last. The rooms are large and the ceilings higher than those at Sagamore. The hall is hung with portraits and flags. On one wall is a splendid tiger skin, trophy of my wife's bow and spear.

The library, where we spend most of our time, is a delightful room lined with books on three sides with a fireplace on the fourth. On the top of the bookcases are bronzes. Over the fireplace is an old convex mirror in a gilt frame. Covering the spare wall spaces are original sketches by Leech, Rowlandson and Cruikshank, a painting of a cow-pony by Rungius, a water-color of the War by John Thomason, and some funny little old-fashioned paintings on glass, of no value, just because we like them.

Upstairs the bedrooms cluster around a hall lightened by colorful war posters. At one end in a white wood cupboard is the children's museum, where they keep all manner of objects.

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We are a little cramped for space and we can manage but one guest room when all the family are at home. Anyone who occupies it is in a splendid position to hear all that the children are doing in the early morning.

All through the house are treasures—not as valuable intrinsically as those at Sagamore, but just as delightful to us.

The furniture is old—the ornate, carved rose-wood chair in my study had its embroidered seat worked by the daughters of one of my great-grandfather's sea captains. The Windsor rocker in the library went out over the Wilderness Trail in a covered wagon with my wife's family to settle Ohio when the Battle of the Fallen Timbers was still a recent memory. The silver tray on the side-board was given to my great-grandfather by the Chemical Bank of New York nearly a hundred years ago. So the tale runs. Not museum pieces, but worn and trustworthy, with a patine of well-spent years upon them.

Then there are the books. No house in our family would be complete without them. They overflow every room. They are piled on the tables. They multiply with the fearful rapidity of guinea pigs. Catalogues and book stores fascinate us as a snake does a bird. These books range from first editions,

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vellum Horaces, Elzevirs and Aldines, to autographed copies from the authors, guarded in a special glazed bookcase of my wife's. Among these last is my shame from a bibliographer's standpoint—a cheap India paper copy of *Kim*. It is badly battered, because I carried it with me through Central Asia when Kermit and I were there on our last expedition. When I got back I asked Mr. Kipling if he would inscribe it. He wrote in the front his verse on the ovis poli.

My wife took the volume to a book seller to have a slipcase made for it. The bibliophile was heart-broken. He explained that if it were a first edition it would be priceless. He was totally unable to understand my answer, which was that I would not have carried a first to the Pamirs.

Besides these "jewels of price" there are battalions of just books—sturdy Prescott, Scott, and hundreds more of no particular edition. Then there are books of which there never has been but one edition because people were not sensible enough in our opinion to appreciate them. *The Dodge Club*, *Chilowee Boys*, *The Colonel's Opera Cloak*, and a dozen others.

Periodically we have a house-cleaning and weed out what we do not want. We throw away the modern books of the sniggering nasty type, whose



Quentin Roosevelt, son of the late Theodore Roosevelt.

(Killed during the World War.)

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authors, like H. L. Mencken, have too little ability to attract attention to themselves except in the fashion of a skunk cabbage. Then there are books bought by mistake. Sometimes it is the advertisement that has been the snare. Once I purchased a volume called *Snow on the Headlights*, expecting thrilling stories, only to find a mass of railroad statistics.

Of course in every part of the house there is the flotsam and jetsam left by the children. We used to think we could keep the library clear by a definite rule to that effect. It was as hopeless as trying to sweep back the waves of the sea with a broom. The children remembered the edict only while it was being published. It passed in one ear and out the other as far as they were concerned. Now there is always a bit of a toy airplane or a jackknife on chair or table.

The auxiliary library, next to the room which I use as study, has gradually become a lumber room for the younger generation. Bicycles and odds and ends of every sort are piled there.

Not more than a hundred yards west of the house is the bay, with its ever-changing waters. Around our lawn stand beautiful trees. Nearby there are dense bushes and hedges. They form a paradise for birds. In that enchanting half hour

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before sunrise there is a veritable chorus of song. Just outside of the windows of the spare room is a venerable pine tree. An unfeeling guest once complained that a mourning dove sat in it and bellowed so loudly that she could not sleep.

On the bay chattering flocks of gulls loiter. In the spring wild ducks in large numbers feed there. Sometimes they come to within a few yards of the shore along which the road runs. A passing motor merely makes them swim away. They do not rise and fly. The friendliest is the little black and white scoup with his unpretentious brown wife.

In the evenings night herons fly down from the rookeries to wade in the shallows—dim shapes half seen against the fading sky.

Back of our house is a little valley. There we have our garden, kept by Balocca, who served with me in the War. It is as neat and trim as an old soldier's uniform. Still farther up the valley there stand a group of farm buildings, now out of repair, but excellent for hide-and-go-seek and vicarious explorations.

That, in brief, is what the two houses are like around which the life of the families centers. They are ordinary homes like thousands of others from Oyster Bay to San Francisco—homes which will make or break the nation.

THE FAMILY DINING TABLE

"All the little children that 'round the table go."

ONE of the greatest institutions of the civilized world is the family dining table. In literature and fable, writers have dwelt long and lovingly on the hearth. No doubt the hearth is important, but for influence the table has it far outdistanced. To begin with, the hearth is used only in winter when it is cold, while the table takes no count of weather. Then the hearth serves as a point of assembly but once a day, in the evening, while the table is used three times. Last and most important, the hearth holds only fire while the table holds food.

Even grown people are fond of good things to eat. There is a special feeling of content that comes when sitting down to a good dinner that is

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only equaled by that glow of general well-being that comes afterwards.

“Serenely calm, the epicure can say,
‘Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today.’”

My wife is usually of a sweet disposition. Just before a delayed meal she sometimes becomes actually ferocious. Often I have wished to paraphrase the words of the native servants in *Kim*, and shout, “Bring her her food and stop her mouth of ill-omen!”

When my brother and I were in Central Asia living on leathery mutton and unleavened chepatis, we used to discuss at length just what we would have for dinner when we returned to civilization. Riding over the baking plains we planned long, cold drinks with salads and ices. In the bitter freezing weather in the mountains we thought lovingly of great smoking sides of roast beef.

If such is the case with grown-up men and women, it is doubly so with children. A healthy boy not only enjoys what he eats but has the voracity of a tiger and the wide tolerance of an ostrich. In our family we believe the children have hollow legs, otherwise it is impossible to explain where they stow the quantities of food they eat.

A generation ago my cousins' family used to

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have breakfast at seven. My family had breakfast at eight. Both families had old-fashioned American meals—cereal, waffles, corn-beef hash, beefsteak, potatoes. We boys were accustomed during the summer to breakfast regularly at both houses. The half hour in between and the half a mile walk was all that we needed to whet our appetites again.

The pantry at Sagamore, of course, had to be kept locked, or we would have gorged there continually. Archie, then aged six, was asked by his nurse who had been calling him repeatedly without getting a response, where he was and what he had been doing. He replied, "In the pantry, watching Sissy-Wissy (Alice) eating!"

Once Kermit and I forced our way into this sanctum sanctorum and purloined a pound tin of guava jelly. We took it to a favorite retreat behind the icehouse and there proceeded to eat it all. I cannot remember that we were ever found out, or that we suffered any ill effects—not even a "cherry pain" as we used to call that most common of childhood ills.

A friend of the family once found my brother Quentin in Snowden's, the corner drug store. He was grasping a nickel firmly in a grimy hand and looking longingly at the soda fountain. It so hap-

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pened that she had been lunching at Sagamore a few days before, and had noticed that Quentin was being kept on a diet.

Divining his thoughts, she said, "Quentin, I would not take a soda. It will make you sick."

"How sick?" said Quentin, turning his eyes solemnly towards her.

"Perhaps sick enough to be sent to bed."

For the space of a minute Quentin revolved this in his mind, then deliberately he walked forward, placed his nickel on the counter and said, "Chocolate sundae, please."

He had weighed the consequences and decided the pleasure outbalanced them.

We had a delightful Irish nurse called Mame. When she died she had seen five generations of the family. She came to this country in a sailing vessel in the '40s when the voyage took months not weeks. She had a sister Car, whom we used to visit. Car's cookies were famous. When we called on her and Car wished an uninterrupted gossip with her sister, she used to give us a box full of these dainties with which we used to stuff ourselves until our clothes nearly burst.

My children breed true to our omnivorous proclivities. The first party they went to they ate largely of everything from cereal to ice cream and



This picture was published in a newspaper without names.

Reading from left to right—An ex-President of the United States; a captain of infantry, recently wounded and awarded the French War Cross; a major of infantry, cited by General Pershing; (bottom row, seated)—a captain of machine gun battery awarded the Military Cross

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cakes. At seven they returned home with my wife. She said, "Now children, say goodnight to your father and then go to bed." With one voice they wailed, "Mother, aren't we going to have any supper?"

Two of my boys and my daughter are now away at boarding school. The rule of the family is that they may order the first meal they have on their return home. I quote from Teddy's letter:

"DEAR MOTHER,

"May I please have flaked eggs for the first dinner, with lots of sauce?"

Gracie, who is now at Foxcroft in Virginia, wrote her mother the other day, "Shonk and I swore off desserts and eating between meals on the Bible for two weeks, and so we can't possibly break it. We feel very sad at school feasts, but glad after."

So much for the attractions that draw us to the table. But food is not all that can be got from it. It is a delightful and natural place for the entire family to gather and talk. When guests are with us there is no ban on the conversation of anyone, no matter how small either the individual or the conversation may be, unless the child shows monopolistic tendencies. That hoary and iniquitous

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proverb, "Children should be seen and not heard," is never invoked unless some youngster, carried away by enthusiasm, drowns out all the others in his flow of narrative.

There are families who make a point of discussing "something worth while" every supper. This I think is a mistake. It smacks too much of the task. Conversation should not be cut and dried. We let matters take their normal course. Ask the children what happened in school. The answer will lead generally to football or baseball. There is a lot that can be said on either subject by any normal American. Then some lessons, or the book that someone is reading. If the parents will make the effort there is any amount of opportunity to interest the child in subjects of every kind. If the little girl is reading *Pickwick Papers* for the first time, an interested group with whom to laugh over the vagaries of Sam Weller not only adds to her enjoyment of the book, but encourages the younger children to take it up. There is always a chance to turn new lights on some character or incident in history, to suggest some new angle of approach, some new story.

Over twenty years ago we were having one of our first house parties at Sagamore Hill. Around the table were gathered an assortment of little boys

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and girls. Father knew his own children well and loved all children, but did not entirely understand other children. He wished to be particularly polite and interesting to the small guests.

On his right was sitting a girl in a starched white dress, speechless with awe at having the President of the United States by her. With a smile Father turned to her and said, "Are you fond of the Nibelungenlied?"

Overcome with fright, the little girl murmured, "Yes," though she did not know whether he was speaking of a vegetable or a new game.

Father was delighted. He had established a common bond. His troubles were over. He launched at once on a discussion of the characters in that great epic. The girl became more terrified, and soon was hopelessly entangled in a series of contradictions, from which she was only rescued by our chorus, "Father! Don't talk to Isabella about the Nibelungenlied. She does not know it. She is just trying to be polite!"

If table talk is handled properly it has endless possibilities. The children discuss not only what they are doing but the problems they are meeting. "Little Bertie Brown did thus and so at school. What do you think of that?" It gives a chance to preach without being preachy merely by passing

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on individual cases. Many a time my attitude has been clarified for me by some remark of my Father or Mother over the dinner table.

It is a good thing to encourage children to talk, there is no doubt about that. The little boy who is sternly sat on when he has something to say gets very little real help from his family. Like all good things, however, encouraging children to talk can be overdone. The Greek were quite right when they said, "Nothing in excess." A fresh chatter-box of a child is unbearable. Not only that, but a little boy sometimes becomes so enthralled by the sound of his own voice that he neglects to eat. Time and again I have heard my wife announce, "Quentin! Not one more word until you eat your milk toast!—every bit of it!"

Not only will some children talk too much if not checked, but at times when there is company the family are in dread of what some pink-cheeked, round-eyed youngster may interpolate in a silence.

My brother Quentin had an original turn of mind and a conversational turn as well. If Quentin started to talk when there were strangers at the table, the family with one accord would turn on him: "Quentin! Keep quiet!" We knew only too well that any speculation, simile or query might be voiced by him.

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Once my wife's mother was giving a tea. My wife, then four years old, waddled serenely into the room. The guests stopped their conversation and turned to admire her, as is the custom of all guests in similar circumstances. Without preliminary she said, "Mother, do ladies lay eggs?" After a moment's startled hesitation her mother said, "No, dear, of course not. Nurse, take Miss Eleanor away."

The tea resumed its even tenor. Everything seemed settled. The commotion after my wife's advent had subsided as the ripples spend themselves when the water has closed over a pebble that has been dropped in a pool.

Suddenly a buzz of laughter mingled with a queer, clucking noise by the hearth rug. The hostess turned towards it in time to see her daughter rising from where she had been sitting on a large rubber ball. As she caught her mother's eye she said proudly, "There, mother! You see ladies do lay eggs!"

It is impossible to tell just what odd slant a child's mind may take. Kermit was a very solemn little boy. He was not talkative. As a result, when he said anything it gave the impression of a carefully weighed accurate statement.

A piece had broken off one of his teeth by a fall.

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Mother took him to the dentist. After examining the damage the dentist said, with the amiable imbecility that some people always employ with children, "And now, little boy, how did you break your tooth?"

Kermit pondered a moment and then in a deep sepulchral voice said, "I did not break it. Mother hit me and broke it."

There was a shocked pause while the dentist colored to the roots of his hair, embarrassed by this unexpected streak of brutality he had unwittingly discovered in Mother.

Then Mother recovered herself and said, "Oh, Kermit! How can you say that?"

"But, Mother, you did hit me and break it!"

No amount of argument could shake him. They left the dentist convinced he had stumbled on a hidden example of child-beating in the Roosevelt family.

Perhaps the worst blow that mothers have to suffer is when they endeavor to have an offspring show off before company and something goes wrong. Once at the White House Howard Pyle was lunching with us. Towards the end of the meal Quentin, well scrubbed and cleanly dressed, surged into the room. He gravitated to Mother's chair. One look at his face convinced us older children

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that "There was something rotten in the state of Denmark." His underlip showed clearly disappointment over some recent dispute—perhaps dealing with soap and water, his fingernails or his ears. Mother was preoccupied. She did not look at him. Placing her arm about him she said, "Quentin, dear, this is Mr. Pyle, who draws those pictures and writes those stories we all love so."

A stony silence was all Quentin vouchsafed, while the table politely paused to listen to the graceful tribute they expected to hear. Mother waited a moment and then said, "Quentin, haven't you anything to say to Mr. Pyle?"

Goaded beyond endurance, Quentin shouted, "Naw! Not to him!"—burst into a flood of tears and left the room.

My wife, some years ago, came a cropper in much the same fashion. My daughter was attending a dancing class in Washington, to which most of the mothers went to watch their offspring. Eleanor, ostensibly because she wanted her little boys to see Gracie, really because she wanted the mothers to see her little boys, dressed up her three sons in their best clothes and took them to the class. She was so pleased with the effect they had on the mothers that she decided to take them calling with her afterwards.

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She selected for her first visit an elderly single lady of prominence who has been a family friend for years, largely because there was staying with her another elderly friend of equal prominence. All went well. The boys in blue coats with their pink cheeks and innocent looks were properly admired, but Eleanor made a mistake. Carried away by success, she stayed a little too long. Suddenly noticing that the children's patience was wearing thin with the continued good behavior, she rose to go.

The ladies accompanied her into the hall. There she embarked on dressing the children for the street, aided by the butler.

The hostess, a spinster, endeavored to help. Taking Quentin's sweater in her hand she advanced with it.

"Now put your hands in here, my little man," she said as she held it towards him. "When we were little we called this 'skinning the rabbit,' " she added.

Long hours of dress parade at the dancing school and tea, constant repetitions of "shake hands with Mrs. Blank," had worn Quentin's patience to a thread. This was too much—it snapped. Filled with fury, in a clear penetrating voice, he shouted, "*You're* a skinned rabbit!"—turned and fled.

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But we were at the family dining table. We must not forget its time-honored customs. First in importance among these comes where each member shall sit. Of course the father and mother are at opposite ends. Traditionally, the father's end is supposed to be the head—practically I think this is very often far from the case.

The children are grouped on each side. We always have had the two youngest by their mother. The eldest sit by their father. As the family increases, those by the mother are normally displaced by later arrivals.

This of course places a premium on that seat. Father said, however, that it was carrying this too far when he heard Mother remark, "No, Archie, you have been bad. You cannot sit by me. You are to be punished. You must sit by your Father."

Of course a good deal of discipline is a normal adjunct of the family meals. My wife says that maybe Mary of England when she died might have had "Calais" engraved on her heart, but that on the heart of the mother of a family would be engraved the word "Don't."

At the table this omnipresent word is frequently in use. "Don't eat so fast." "Don't talk with your mouth full," and a hundred admonitions far too familiar to need repetition here.

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Both Father and Mother were good disciplinarians as far as we were concerned. I am sorry to say that when the grandchildren arrived it was very different. To begin with, the ruling as to places was entirely voided. Father was allowed to have the grandchildren sit by him.

It was at this time that we, the older children, noticed this astonishing breakdown in moral fiber on the part of both Father and Mother. They let our children do things they never would have permitted us to do.

Our little Teddy was sitting one morning in a highchair by Father. Now Father was very fond of coffee and always had a special cup. It was so large it was more in the nature of a bathtub. Mother had given it to him for a present. This particular day Teddy, sitting in his highchair, a bib tied neatly around his neck, was watching with interest his grandfather's coffee being placed on the table. He had a salt spoon in his hand and a salt cellar nearby. Remarking in a sepulchral voice, "Put salt in Grandfather's soup," he dumped a whole spoonful into the coffee. If we had done that when we were little, the least we could have expected was banishment from the table. Was Teddy banished? He was not. Father merely remarked mildly, "Please don't, Teddy. That is not



The late Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children.

Back row: Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. (the present Colonel), and Alice, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.
Front row: Ethel, Theodore Roosevelt, Archie, Kermit, Mrs. Roosevelt and Quentin.

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soup, it is coffee," and had another cup brought to the other side where it would be out of the little boy's reach.

At Sagamore there were other matters of debate at the table besides the places. The bread and butter plates we used came from Italy and were the gift of my Mother's sister who lived there. They were decorated with swans feeding among rushes. One of them was unlike the others, having on it near a swan a small golden beetle. Naturally we all wanted that plate. Each of us would try to sneak into the dining room before dinner and change it from where it might be to our place, exclaiming triumphantly and innocently when the rest arrived, "I've got the golden beetle!" Finally the contest became so keen that Mother ruled the plate must stay where the waitress put it. When we had all grown up, Kermit got Mother in a weak moment to give it to him. He has it at his house now, and is envied of all.

At this time much the same debate goes on in my family as to the dessert plates. They are Chinese, and have a little house on them. In two of these houses a face is looking out of the window, which makes these two plates most desirable. Gracie, who is seventeen, is still as interested in them as her small brothers.

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Of course we all had our silver mugs, christening presents, which we valued highly. We have never given them up. To this day, and I am forty, I always drink out of my silver christening mug. It has been with me everywhere from San Francisco to Washington.

Father hated large centerpieces. He used to maintain that he had married Mother because he liked to look at her, and did not see why at table she should be concealed behind a mass of foliage. Once he confided to my wife, "Eleanor, these large table decorations are ridiculous. If we go on a picnic we do not select a bush and then sit around it in a circle to have lunch!"

Of all the good meals during the week, and all meals are good, Sunday lunch is best. Every member of the family can be there and usually is. Also, it is an unwritten law that even those who are stout may eat as much as they want. Nowadays our Sunday lunch starts with thick black bean soup, powdered with grated eggs. This is followed by delicious golden brown cornbread, steaming hot so that the butter melts without spreading. The main course is the best meat in the world, roast beef flanked by browned potatoes—"potatoes-that-live-in-the-dish-with-the-meat." As a sop to an internal Cerberus, a large dish of spinach is served.

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The climax is capped by vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce. The sauce is not a thin affair of light brown color, but thick and black, and congeals like candy when it runs in rivulets down the snow peaks of the ice cream.

Even when Father was President and overwhelmed with work, both he and Mother made a practice of breakfasting with us. That meant an earlier hour for them than would otherwise have been necessary, for we had to go to school. Breakfast, after all, is one of the most delightful meals of the day. Bacon and eggs on a bright sunny morning when you are fresh bathed and in clean clothes taste better than the most delicate paté beneath artificial light. Of course a family dinner is difficult to arrange because of the youngest children. It is generally too late for them. For this reason, if there are no grown guests, we have supper at an early hour, not dinner.

In both generations the table has been treated as a gathering place for the family. There has never been a question of the children being served separately in the nursery. We have always had outsiders staying with us or taking their meals with us, but except for large formal parties they have joined as guests of the family, not merely of the grown-ups.

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In times of happiness or sorrow, in times of stress or in the everyday occurrences of life, the dinner table plays its part. A building rests on its cornerstone. In much the same fashion a family may be said to depend on its family dinner table.

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"The battered things that please the heart,
Though they may vex the eye."

THE trouble with most grown-ups is that they have forgotten so much. They have totally forgotten, for example, what toys are. They tend to think of them the way they would of a present for themselves,—that is, something nice which they want, a book or lamp,—nothing more nor less. Of course this is all wrong. The principal attribute of toys is the black magic connected with them. With a toy it is not what is seen, but what is imagined that counts. The monetary value has no bearing on the value set on it by the children. The sentimentalists who wail the sad fate of the little girl who had only a homemade rag doll are generally completely at fault. Time and again the little rich

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girl would gladly change her expensive French doll for the limp-limbed treasure of the little poor girl.

Children are animists and endow most of their possessions with vaguely surmised attributes. Almost all when they are little take toys to bed with them. When I was six years old I spent the night with a varied collection of objects. There were two small china elephants, which were exceptionally durable because they were sitting on their hind-quarters with their legs against their bodies. These were named "Buffy Bob" and "Trixie Wee," after characters in a story. Then there was a small wooden pail made out of cedar, an iron fireman, and a dozen more treasures of the same type.

It must have been a good deal like sleeping on so many rocks, but I cannot recall that I ever noticed it. In time they became so numerous that Mother made me a red flannel bag with white tape tie-strings in which to keep them.

They had as real a magic significance as an assortment of oddities in a voodoo doctor's medicine bag. In the dark they protected me against "The ghoolies and ghosties, long-leggity beasties, and things that go bump in the night." Perhaps the most efficacious of these was a wooden pistol with a tin barrel that came to me stitched on a sheet of cardboard as a part of a soldier's uniform. The uniform

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disappeared in the unrecorded way many toys do, but the pistol remained as a great treasure.

One day Father arranged to take me away with him for my first visit. It was a delightful prospect but there were difficulties. I could not carry my red flannel bag. It might be seen by unsympathetic people. Not only that, I could not take the pistol for it was so large I could not conceal it. After considerable thought I hit on a plan. I sawed off the pistol butt, drilled a hole through it, and tied it with a bit of string around my waist. This juju protected me thoroughly through the dark hours in the strange house.

Of course time and chance happeneth to all treasures, but often they leave an indelible memory.

My sister Alice was somewhat of a philosopher. When she was quite small she was given a toy goat by one of her aunts.

Some months later the aunt came to the house and Sister was paraded at tea time. The aunt, to make conversation, enquired about her gift.

Sister's eyes grew round and solemn at its mention. In a flat little-girl voice she delivered the following history:

"First it broke off a-a-all its horns. Then it broke off a-a-all its legs, and that's the way the goat went!"

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Grown-ups do not realize the value of something which to them may not only be valueless but repulsive as well. Kermit and I shared between us a set of bean-bags. They were made of flannel. As time waxed and waned they had numerous adventures. They were dropped in the mud. They had milk spilt on them. They became encrusted with a layer of almost oriental filth. This naturally only increased their value in our eyes, but Mother objected to them. She suggested they be consigned to the ash can. Of course we firmly refused to throw them away. Mother was understanding and bided her time until she could devise some method of substitution.

We were playing one day in front of the nursery fire. A lady, a friend of Mother's, was there. She had no children of her own and though she loved us, did not understand us. Suddenly she hopped up, seized the bean-bags and threw them into the blaze.

The appalling siren of grief that Kermit raised I can hear now. To this day, though thirty-five years have passed, I can remember my feeling of outraged grief. A reference to those bean-bags would for months bring tears to our eyes.

Aunt Emily, Mother's sister, once gave me a doll. It was large, had blue eyes that opened and shut,

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and emitted an imbecile squeak if you poked it in the stomach. It was dressed like the proverbial good little boy. Altogether it was a doll a grown-up would have prized. I did not. It smacked too much of the Little Lord Fauntleroy type. Even the name had been chosen for me beforehand. It was christened Emile in honor of the donor.

That doll led a neglected life until it fell in the path of Ethel, perhaps the most destructive of all of us as far as toys were concerned. Her principal weapon of offense was a buttonhook, which she called a "poke-a-tee." With this buttonhook she jabbed Emile's eyes out and broke his nose. Had he been a loved doll these disabilities would have been treated as honorable wounds and would if anything have enhanced the value. Not so with Emile. He did not come under the "favored nation clause." He was thrown away.

Mother once gave Kermit a cloth owl. There was a rhyme of which we were fond which dealt with the actions of "a bogey owl who comes out at night when supper time is near." Kermit therefore christened his newly acquired possession "Bogey Boy." The days slipped by and Bogey Boy suffered the fate of anything that is much loved by a child. His cloth covering was torn until his cotton stuffing stuck out in soiled lumps. Everything from

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breakfast to supper had been spilt on him. He became an eyesore, but each spot and rent made him more dear to Kermit's heart.

Mother felt that in the interest of even moderate sanitation the owl must be destroyed. She knew little boys. She combined the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. One day she suggested to Kermit that Bogey Boy should go to the doctor "to be all cured of his tears." Kermit had been to the doctor and consented. When Bogey Boy returned in twenty-four hours he was transformed. His old bright color had returned. Curiously enough, not only had his tears disappeared, but they left no sign behind. Kermit was dourly suspicious and the specious explanation which dwelt on the efficiency of the doctor did not satisfy him. Bogey Boy was dubbed a changeling and went into the discard.

An object, to be of value, need have no use. My first knife was to me a great possession. To begin with, it was an accolade, so to speak, of advancing years. I felt about it much the way a young medieval knight must have felt about his spurs. It was one of those combination knives with everything from a pair of tweezers to a gimlet folded in its corpulent body. I called it a "Bowie" because I had lately read of the death of Colonel Bowie at

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the Alamo, and thought that anything that bore his name smacked of romance. The real point of value to that knife, however, was a flat piece of steel I was told was for "picking stones out of horses' hoofs." Never during the years I had that knife did I use that gadget on a horse. Never, in so far as I know, has anyone with a similar knife used it for that purpose. Nevertheless, in some magical way that bit of steel transmuted the knife for me from an ordinary little boy's knife to the trusty blade of an adventurer. All I needed when I had the knife in my hand was a horse to make me a cowboy, Dick Turpin, or Rupert of the Rhine—and what little boy could not imagine a horse in short order.

That knife holds to this day an honorable place in my memory. Even the cuts it gave my grimy fingers were honored scars.

In times of sickness children are generally deluged with presents. The child who has the disease is envied therefor by his brothers and sisters. Once when Sister had chicken-pox and was receiving the customary attention, I embraced her warmly before they could stop me, in the hope that I would get it myself—a hope in which I was not disappointed.

When I had measles Father was Civil Service

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Commissioner. We were living in a small red-brick house in Washington. There were no rooms to spare, so in order to isolate me they moved me to Father's dressing room. It was separated only by the thinnest kind of a door from the room where Mother and Father slept.

Senator Lodge, whose children had grown up and whose memory was short, gave me a small hand organ. It was a joy to me and a torment to the rest of the household. I went to sleep at seven-thirty and woke at five-thirty. Father and Mother went to sleep at twelve and would have liked to wake at eight. As soon as the first daylight found its way through the chinks of the blinds I would grasp my beloved organ and start playing it. It speaks volumes for their forbearance that it was a number of days before I was told that no concerts could be given until after breakfast.

Father liked some of our toys almost as much as we liked them ourselves. These were generally those of a warlike nature. Sister was given some lead ships modeled on the once famous and long-forgotten White Squadron. This fleet Father supplemented by making two Monitors from as many pill boxes. He gave one to me and one to Sister. With this navy and with Father as a guide, we enacted in detail the Battle of Mobile Bay. The

only hitch was that neither of us wished our Monitor slated for destruction in the rôle of Craven's vessel.

Mother overheard the following:

"And the shells burst, and the guns banged, and Sister's Monitor turned towards the Fort."

"Ted, leave my Monitor alone!"

"And the shells burst more, and Sister's Monitor hit on a mine."

"Ted! My Monitor has gone to bed. It always goes to bed at six o'clock and it's half-past six now!"

Next in poignancy to the woe caused by losing a treasure is the joy if it is found. The return of the prodigal gave no greater thrill to the hearts of his parents than the rediscovery by a child of some china animal dropped in the potato patch.

My wife, aged five, was being taken to Mexico by her Mother and great-uncle Ed on a sightseeing trip. Her companion was a doll named Cherrylips. It was made of worsted and had a flat plate-like head with shoe-button eyes and a bright red mouth. By no stretch of the imagination could it be said to resemble anything, and so it had all the requisites to make it valuable.

The day was swelteringly hot and it occurred to the young mother that Cherrylips must be suf-

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fering. The train had stopped to take water. Cherrylips' sash was undone and she was dangled on the end of it from the window. With a jerk the train started. The sash slipped from the hot little hand and the poor worsted doll tumbled onto a heap of slag and lay there disconsolately as the train ruthlessly steamed away.

My wife tells me she does not remember one thing that she saw that day. She spent most of the time sobbing on her mother's shoulder. Towards evening the little party was returning. Again the train stopped at the water-station. My wife gazed from the window. In the gathering dusk she saw the form of Cherrylips still reposing on the slag-pile. Great-uncle Ed was a man of action. He dashed from the train and just as it was clanking away again, swung himself to the rear platform with the rescued Cherrylips in his hand.

The most valuable possession of my son Teddy was for many years a plush dog. It was given him by Mother. The back was brown, the stomach was white. It was in a sitting position, supported by its front legs. He called it "Doggie." My wife and Signorina, the governess, made it small sweaters, jackets, and finally a hat. When Teddy had scarlet fever he could not bear to be separated from it, so Doggie slept in bed with him. That

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was all very well as long as he was sick, but when he got well Doggie had been thoroughly infected. It had to be sterilized, and was accordingly boiled in water. The result was that all the stiffening came out of the front legs and it could never sit up again. That made no difference in the affection in which its owner held it. One day when Teddy had grown some years older he came to his mother with Doggie.

"Mother, will you put Doggie away and all his clothes and keep him carefully? I want him for my children."

Doggie is now enjoying a well-earned rest in a trunk in the attic, waiting for the next generation.

Doggie's "opposite number," a gray rabbit which belonged to Cornelius, had a similar life. It also had a complete wardrobe made for it. Its most distinguished adornment was a cape with a flower embroidered on the front. For some unknown reason its name was hyphenated-American. It was known as "the Gray Lapin."

One night Signorina was just dropping off to sleep. She had had a hard day. All days with children are hard, but this had been particularly so. In addition she was suffering from a cold. It was winter. The windows were open and a bitter wind was whistling through the room. Suddenly a wail

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rose from Sonny's crib—"My Lapin! My Gray Lapin! It's fell on the floor!"

"Let it stay there and you go to sleep," said Signorina.

"Signorina! I can't go to sleep. Please get it." Then as an afterthought when Signorina did not respond, "If you don't I will sing all night long."

"Keep quiet, Sonny. It is too cold to get up."

Immediately Sonny began his song. For ten minutes he caroled joyously to himself. Finally Signorina wearily dragged herself from her warm bed and bought peace by restoring the rabbit to its determined and loving owner.

The Gray Lapin has now joined Doggie and is awaiting in honorable retirement the advent of Cornelius' children.

Quentin, the last of our boys, is much younger than his brothers. The War was responsible for this. He did not appear on the scene until the November following the Armistice. He arrived very unexpectedly on the day I was up for election for my first public office. No clothes were in the house, but Mother came down from Sagamore with a little frock my Father wore when a baby. Like all old-fashioned houses, ours contain attics in which are stored possessions of the past. My Father's baby clothes were among them.

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Quentin, though much younger than Teddy and Sonny, resembles them in many ways. His household god was a calico rabbit. It was a most preposterous creature with long gangly legs on the end of which dangled patent leather shoes. He used to ask his mother to make it dance by jiggling it and then, convulsed with laughter, would stand opposite and imitate it. He would laugh so hard that every little while he would have to stop and catch his breath. This last of the triumvirate is now packed away and appears only on Easter when it is found in the morning leaning against Quentin's door with a present for him in its arms.

A child's games may be almost incomprehensible to a parent. Those he invents for himself are often of a weird and eccentric nature. Kermit and I had one which entailed the drinking of numerous bottles of water. Our equipment was a bottle each tied to our necks with string. We filled and emptied them as often as possible. Mother found us out about the time we began developing distended stomachs like the famine children in Africa who feed on bark. I can see her now kneeling down and feeling Kermit's middle while she scolded us both.

At another time I invented a game called "making soup." It was fascinating because it involved

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mixing things together. At first I made it out of water and mud, with a few leaves and sticks. Then artistry overcame me. I crept to the room where we slept with our Irish nurse Mame. Hitching a chair over, I climbed to the edge of the washstand. I managed to fill the basin with water. There in front of me, "all gloriously ranged in view," was a battalion of bottles of varied colors. I poured them all into the basin, one after another, stirring the concoction meanwhile with a toothbrush, and chanting like a witch in *Macbeth*. I was just topping off with Mame's holy water when a whirl of skirts descended on me like a hurricane, and my soup-making game was finished.

In those days my sister Alice was my constant companion. Kermit was too small to join in our play. One game she invented lasted indefinitely. It was a variety of tag. I was it and chased her. So far all is regular. The catch came in the last rule. She could declare anything "hunk." That meant that my position was as unending as the cycle of the seasons, for whenever I panted into a dangerous proximity she would declare the place she stood safety.

As elder sister her position was not simply a sinecure. There were responsibilities as well. Once when I was crawling beneath a pile of old lumber,

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I succeeded in getting stuck tight, and she had to get under and pull me out. At another time in Washington I overbalanced and started to fall from a third story window to the bricks below. She grabbed my feet, and though she could not haul me back, held on until help came.

Kermit's daughter, Clochette, is an active little mite with large eyes and what our old nurse Mame would have called "Hardly a pick of flesh on her bones." She came to stay with us last autumn. During the summer she had been very sick with infantile paralysis. Though she had completely recovered it had left an indelible impression on her mind, dealing mainly with trained nurses.

The first evening she was at the house she announced firmly that she was a trained nurse and wanted a hospital to superintend. Signorina made her a small cap and apron. With these as "caste marks" she organized her infirmary.

The first problem was patients. As our youngest, Quentin, is a boy there were no dolls, so his various toy animals were thrust into the breach. When I went into the room I found a row of them lying on the floor neatly tucked in with towels. It was a motley array ranging from elephants to teddy bears.

Next evening when I came home Clochette

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greeted me enthusiastically. After hugging her and "grabbling" her, I asked about her patients. Immediately her face became preternaturally solemn.

Wriggling to the floor and straightening her cap and apron, every inch of her three foot stature assumed an air of professional gravity. "Uncle Ted, some of them are very, very sick. I doubt if the elephant lives till morning. His pulse is very bad and his temperature is two hundred. Uncle Ted, the bear has complications. I went out for a moment today. I thought I needed a little fresh air. When I came back they all had fever."

For ten or fifteen minutes, solemn as judges of the Supreme Court, we discussed the alarming symptoms of the poor sufferers. It was no time to joke. Had I even smiled I doubt if she would ever have forgiven me.

For nearly a week this game lasted. The only props necessary were the cap, apron and animals. The rest was furnished by her imagination. During the entire time she was happy and as good as gold. Nothing could have amused her more, and yet some stupid grown-ups would have believed it would have added to her enjoyment if she had had expensive dolls instead of draggled cloth animals.

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Anyone who does not appreciate the value to children of treasures, no matter how battered, shows a stupidity that is almost criminal. The man who speaks disparagingly of the little boy's china animal merely because it has lost its legs should remember the battered and chipped pipe by which he sets such store. To throw away that china animal with the idea that a new animal with all its legs could take its place is as foolish as trying to substitute a new pipe with a gold band for the blackened old briar.

We all have treasures, no matter how old we are, that we value far beyond their intrinsic worth. They may not appraise at more than two cents, but the halo of association that hangs around them is unpurchasable by mere money. There is the chair with the frayed seat which just fits the curves of your body, the thimble your grandmother used, a warped old trout rod. A hundred instances flash to the mind of each of us. I am ashamed to confess that I have even more homely treasures—a pair of old shoes, a suit that is beginning to bag at the knees and is very shiny in other less romantic spots. It is not, as my wife maintains, an innate preference for shabbiness that makes me cling to my old gray suit. It is affection for "the battered

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things that please the heart, though they may vex the eyes."

Grown-ups know these feelings themselves. It is strange that they are so often unable to understand them in little girls and boys. Children are far more tolerant and comprehending. Some years ago mine were playing in my room while I was dressing. The youngest demanded a small ivory fish that I carry in my pocket. At once his sister spoke up, "Sonny, don't ask for Father's toys. He does not try to take your toys away from you!"

Besides toys that are given you, there are those treasures you find for yourself. The motto of Riki Tiki Tavi, the mongoose, was "Go find out." All normal children more or less resemble the mongoose. Where is the child who has not thrilled with the zest of an explorer as he pushed his way for the first time through the dense tangle of woods beyond the lower pasture? How he started as a frightened cottontail scurried off through the underbrush. Unquestionably "bold Cortez" felt stirred "when with eagle eye he gazed on the Pacific." But I doubt if he felt more stirred than I did one hot summer day when I scrambled through some brambles that scratched my hands and legs woefully, and saw the undiscovered pool just be-

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yond what was known as the wood-pile pool. When Kermit and I traveled through Central Asia I believe that the motives that prompted us and the sensations we had were much the same as when at the age of eight and ten we explored the salt marsh back of our bathing house.

One of the turns this spirit of enquiry takes in childhood is collecting. I suppose all children do so. My first collection was made in partnership with my brother. It consisted of rennet bottles. Why rennet bottles I cannot imagine. We kept them in the "tank room," a kind of open shed where the containers for our water supply stood. We used to annoy Annie, our rosy-cheeked, good-natured Irish cook, with constant petitions to "please hurry and empty another bottle." We searched everywhere for them. One bottle on which we set particular value was blackened and warped by fire. We found it where some rubbish had been burned.

At about the same time we started a collection of bits of broken china. These we sought with the diligence of antiquarians in the ruins of a Mesopotamian city. For some reason which I do not understand even today, there were many fragments in the ploughed fields. We followed Seaman, our farmer, for all the world like birds in

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search of worms, as he and "Kitty Mare," the plough-horse, turned furrow after furrow of smooth brown earth. Of course the best places to search were the refuse-heaps. Day after day our two diminutive figures might be seen like small scavengers, turning over old boots, fragments of umbrellas, sodden rags, and other noisome articles.

I remember our old family nurse Mame once told me that Mother when she was little had collected broken china. However that may be, I am sure her collection could not have been like ours—for Mother when little was known as "spotless Edie," and no one but a blind man would ever have styled us spotless.

As time wore on our tastes developed. I turned to natural history. Kermit was more catholic. All was grist that came to his mill, from unusual stones picked up on the beach to a pair of old shoes our Aunt Emily had worn while climbing the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Once coming back from a family walk I remember seeing him carrying an old rusty tongs, three large fragments of quartz, two partially broken strawberry boxes and a blue bottle. Even now the instinct has not quite left him, though he is thirty-seven, not seven. Last year when we were camping with our children, Archie and he lugged an enormous misshapen

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rusty chunk of scrap-iron for fully half a mile, on the theory that it might possibly be useful as an extra anchor for Archie's boat.

My turn towards natural history was fostered by Father who was a really distinguished amateur scientist. This bent of his developed early. Once when a child he put a couple of dead mice in the icebox, intending to skin them the next day. His mother, hearing about this from the waitress, ordered them thrown out. Father, aged eight, was shocked and grieved. He explained to my grandmother that by her action she was "defeating the ends of science."

When young, he and a cousin had a museum, which they called the Roosevelt Museum. Out of it grew a really fine collection of birds and small mammals. When he went to Harvard he gave most of them to the American Museum of Natural History, where they are to this day. Some fragments of the collection remained at Sagamore. When I was a child these consisted of a blank book with the records of his bird skins written in a large boyish hand; a few foreign coins, a mink skull, and some very meritorious Egyptian birds mounted under a glass bell.

At first my tastes ran to birds' eggs. There is no study more fascinating. The types of nests are

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so varied. What could be prettier than the vireo's home, a gray compact hanging-basket, with the head and tail of its little occupant showing above the edge? Then the horse-hair lined nest of the chipping sparrow with its blue-green, black-spotted treasures, is a model of neat housekeeping. The hole in the hollow tree of the sober respectable little house wren may look prosaic, but the speckled pink eggs are like gems.

Once when Father and I were walking through an old orchard we saw a woodpecker's hole in the stump of a dead tree and heard a noise like the bubbling of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. When we peered in we found a brood of fledgling flickers calling for their parents and food.

There are many exciting moments when bird-nesting. The first scarlet tanager's nest that I found was on the branch of an oak overhanging a deep ravine. As I climbed towards it, the limb swayed more and more. On reaching it I put the eggs in my mouth and started to work my way back. Suddenly there was a crack and the branch broke. With a rustling of leaves I fell into a wilderness of cat briars below. When I picked myself up I looked as if I had been flayed alive, but that was not the worst—the eggs, which had been on the

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point of hatching with small birds inside them, had broken in my mouth.

When I was eleven someone gave me a gun. Father took me out and we shot a couple of birds. Then he started to teach me how to skin. It was very hard for me, as I was always clumsy with my hands. I never shall forget the first heron I tried to mount. His head came out through the neck easily, but I was slow and when I began to work it back the skin had dried. At last by brute force I got it through, but the bird looked more like a war relic than a heron.

A little more than a year ago I was skinning a florican near Palia in India. It was after dark and the light was bad. When I got through the bird looked strangely familiar. Suddenly I realized why this was. It had an uncanny resemblance to my first heron.

In these early days Kermit did not care for natural history. Now he is a much better taxidermist than I am. I have seen him skin a mouse while riding on a pad elephant, and do a very good job.

After we all grew up and went to school or college our museum was given away like that of the previous generation. We sent the collection to Groton School.

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"The world turned on in the lathe of time," and before we knew it there was an entire new generation of little Roosevelts growing up in the fields and woods of Oyster Bay. True to instinct as homing pigeons, before our children were knee-high to grasshoppers they had begun collecting.

My wife discovered by chance the first of their enterprises. She was in my eldest son, Teddy's, room one morning when she noticed a peculiar rancid odor near the desk. She opened the drawer and found it filled with hundreds of those paste-board stoppers that are used for milk bottles. All of them were instantly thrown into the fire. When Teddy came home at noon he was very sad. He explained that these stoppers were a valuable collection. When his mother asked how on earth he had found so many, he said "Why, Mother, I get them out of the garbage cans on my way to school."

Soon after the Roosevelt Museum Number Three was founded. It is kept in a large wooden cupboard that covers one entire end of the upstairs hall at our house. Its contents run the gamut from "cabbages to kings." Above it hangs a moth-eaten mounted raccoon, originally a part of my museum. On one of the shelves, sole survivor of my Father's collection, is the venerable mink skull.

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In looking over it the other day I found a very creditable representation of butterflies and shells, principally the work of Gracie and Quentin; a yellow cardboard kodak-film box with a scrawly inscription in ink, "My snake skin. Don't touch"; a stuffed baby ostrich, a whale's tooth, a Chinese tile, and a hundred other equally odd treasures. In the corner is a weaver bird's nest, brought back by my wife from India. She carried it for many months packed in with her best hat, in order to prevent it from being crushed.

The children spent part of last summer in Vermont. When I was there Quentin, who was seven, showed me his butterflies. He knew the scientific name for every specimen in his case. Teddy and Cornelius, the two elder boys, were seriously collecting mammals in proper scientific fashion with measurements and data.

Good days! Too soon over! Before long I suppose this museum also will be broken up, as these young birds leave the nest. Consolation lies in the hope that not long after another brood will be busy collecting again.

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ALL well-regulated families, especially if they live in the country, have pets. They are an unfailing source of pleasure.

Our family is no exception to the rule. The first that I can remember were dogs. The Bible guardedly remarks that a live dog is better than a dead lion. I believe this to be an under-statement. I think he is better than a live lion. Kipling is much closer to the truth when he speaks of him as "the first friend."

When we were young we might justly have smarted under the statement of Robert Trinder's aunt, who says, "This house is rotten with dogs." One of these was a corpulent black and white collie named "Dare" in honor of his Scotch blood. Another was a smooth-haired Irish terrier called "Nora" in honor of her Irish blood. Nationality

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in this case proved no bar to affection, and Nora one spring day presented us with two puppies—both males. In deference to their Irish mother they were brown, while their collie blood showed in their size. Of course we children were delighted. I was allowed to name one, and called him Pat. Kermit, to whom fell the christening of the other, was of a more original turn of mind. He named his Susan, because "it is a nice name." No amount of argument could shake Kermit in his determination. Through a long and checkered career that large brown male dog went by that very feminine name.

Names are always oddly assorted when given by children. An old and cynical farm horse we called Black Prince. A pig we christened Sulky Dunraven, after the yachtsman; another, with the frankness of brothers, after one of my sisters because of some fancied resemblance. It is the same today. A short time ago we bought a new cow. The children trooped up to see her. They liked her and at once named her Mrs. Peabody, after a lady of whom they are very fond. Fortunately the lady in question has children of her own, and appreciated the compliment.

Pat early went the way of all flesh, but Susan lived many years and was a great favorite with all

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of us. His almost imbecile good temper with children was only equaled by his uncompromising ferocity towards other dogs.

Alice, my sister, was devoted to him. She named one of her legs Susan. The other she called after any member of the family of whom she was particularly fond at the moment.

Susan's running-mate was a little female wire-haired Scotch terrier correctly named Jessie. When trotting down the road ahead of us she suggested the sights of a rifle, for her tail showed between her ears in much the way the fore sight of a rifle shows between the flanges of the rear sight when you take aim.

Time waxed and waned. Susan and Jessie chivied their last rabbit and went to the "happy hunting grounds," where saucy cottontails are numerous, where garbage cans are open to all, and where kind-hearted cooks abound.

They were followed by a long dynasty of dogs extending to the present day. "Mongrel puppy, whelp and hound, and cur of low degree." They ranged from blooded collies to what my Father used to call "Heinz pickle" dogs of fifty-seven varieties.

One of the aristocrats among these was a Chesapeake Bay dog. We called him Sailor Boy. His coat



The present Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children and pets.

Left to right: Cornelius, Theodore Roosevelt II, Mrs. Roosevelt, Grace and Theodore III.
Seated on Ground: Quentin. The large dog next to Quentin is "Donald" and the small one held by Grace is "Binkie."

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was dark brown and tightly curled and his disposition left nothing to be desired. Then there was a funny little cur, the especial property of Archie. He was named Skip. His color was black and tan. In size he was smaller than a fox terrier, but sturdily built with a buttly determined tail. He was one of a pack of cougar and bear hounds belonging to Johnny Goff with whom my father had hunted. The little fellow was a prodigy of valor. During hunting days in the West he had ridden on the saddle of some sportsman while the pack was trailing. When the animal was brought to bay he would hop off and join in the fight. In spite of this he took kindly to peaceful Oyster Bay. Archie was almost inconsolable when he was killed one day by an automobile.

The dog which held the largest place in the family affections was Jack, a Manchester terrier. He was given to me when Father was Governor. In build he was slight, but larger than a fox terrier. His color was black, shading to brown on belly and legs. He slept in my bed at night. When I say "in," I mean just that. Originally it was decreed that he should lie at the foot outside of the covers. My room was very cold. Gradually he formed the habit of coming to the top of the bed, nosing his way under the bedclothes and

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working to the foot like a miniature earthquake. There he would curl himself into a small black ball and act as an animated hot-water bottle.

At first Mother regarded him with deep suspicion. All our other dogs had been outside dogs. He was a house dog. Besides this he was little more than a puppy and his appetite was odd. First he ate my maiden aunt's shoes. Next he exhibited a fondness for the backs of morocco-bound books—a grave crime in a family of book-lovers.

Time passed and I had to go to boarding school. My mother remarked heartlessly that it was either a question of me going away or the rest of the family. With misgivings I left Jack in her care, for I felt she would be a severe disciplinarian.

On coming home for the Christmas holidays all was changed. Jack was the undisputed tyrant of the household. When I had left Jack was allowed to lie in one battered uncomfortable haircloth chair in the library. When I returned, he would crawl into Mother's particular chair while she was sitting there, straighten his legs, and try to shove her out. What is more, Mother would not merely say nothing, but shift into some position so that Jack might be more comfortable.

He became more despotic as the years passed. He never showed much affection at any time, and

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in the latter days the best that could be said was that he treated us kindly. He was fed to repletion. His slim figure disappeared and his black sides took on the shining corpulence of a Bengali Babu.

Finally when he died at a ripe old age from overeating, he was mourned as if he were a member of the family and buried under a rosebush in the White House grounds.

Even then his dead paw was still felt by the family. Mother wished another dog as much like him as could be found—a “Jack dog.” We got another Manchester terrier, a miserable meaching creature, like Jack in nothing but color. When this one died we were in a quandary. Manchester terriers, at no time plentiful, seemed to have become extinct. Mother was undaunted. She went to the pound. There she selected from among the stray dogs the one which “looked the most like Jack.”

It is over twenty years since Jack died, but to-day at Oyster Bay my mother still has a dog, bought because “he was a Jack dog.” This last is as sorry a representative of the original Jack as Charles II of Spain was of his ancestor the Emperor Charles. He goes by the name of Shady. He has a porcine figure, thin legs and a thin tail,

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which makes him look like a sausage stuck on matches. These later day "Jack dogs" have never held the place their forerunner held. It is understood that they are eikon basilike, but not the king.

Once my wife was driving my mother through the village in our Chevrolet. She turned a sharp corner. Shady, who had been sitting on Mother's lap, catapulted out of the car.

Frantically my wife jammed on the brakes, saying, "Oh, Mother, I am so sorry! I hope Shady has not been hurt."

"Never mind, my dear. Go right on. Fortunately I held the leash."

Hand over hand Mother hauled Shady in again as a fish on the end of a line is landed.

One of these Jack dogs was a chicken killer and caused Mother much embarrassment. Everything short of "lethal chambers and loaded guns" was tried to cure him. He was whipped, a dead fowl was tied about his neck—but all without avail. He still pursued his career of crime. Father was President and in Washington. Mother was accustomed to take long walks through the wide, tree-shaded streets of the Capital City, which was much like a country village in those days. Once she was walking on Maryland Avenue. It was

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just after lunch and Washington was steeped in that tranquil somnolence that proclaims it a southern city. The blinds of the houses were drawn. The sun-flecked shadows lay in pools in the dusty street. There was not a sign of life save where a half dozen chickens were scratching by the wooden palings of a front yard. The Jack dog, who until this moment had been trotting along, a model of propriety, suddenly dashed at them. A flutter, a squawk and one lay dead. Mother stood appalled. Out of nowhere appeared a darkey, shuffling loose-jointedly down the street, his oddly assorted clothes flapping, his string-tied shoes kicking up puffs of dust.

He stopped short, looked at Mother standing horror-struck, then at the dog, then at the chicken lying dead, then back again at all three. A broad smile spread over his face, his white teeth flashed; stepping forward, he picked up the fowl, stuffed it in his pocket, winked at Mother and made off.

When my wife and I were first married and living in California we got a dog. It was a Boston bull terrier puppy. Our household consisted of one Chinaman. The dog and the Chinaman slept downstairs. One day the dog looked sick, and we asked the Chinaman about it. With great solem-

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nity the Chinaman replied, "He throw off from the face." It has often since struck me what an apt description this is of many a political statement.

In my house the most beloved of our dogs was Cæsar. He was a German police dog captured by my Division in the Argonne, and given to us by General Frank Parker. The General said when presenting him, "Cæsar is a gentleman." He was right.

The dog was powerfully built, his back was coal black, shading to gray on stomach and legs. He never would have taken a prize at a dog show, but soon all of us loved him, particularly my wife. The children were still small. Quentin, the youngest, had just put in his appearance. Though by training Cæsar was a war dog, like many another dauntless warrior his heart was gentle and he was putty in the hands of children. They adored him and took every type of liberty with him. The baby made his first wobbly attempts to walk holding onto Cæsar's tail.

We used to take him with us to dinners, to meetings, indeed everywhere. During the political campaign of 1920 I had to speak nationally and my wife filled my engagements in our district on Long Island. Cæsar chaperoned her. While she

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made her addresses he used to lie on the stage by her, much to the delight of the audience.

His end was almost too sad to tell. When we were in Washington, someone infinitely lower in the scale of life than he, poisoned him. The place he left vacant has never been filled.

One of the dogs we have now is a ridiculous little white Sealyham. My wife bought it for our daughter Gracie at a Long Island fair. Gracie called it Binkie.

My wife is clerk of the village of Cove Neck, a village of some fifty inhabitants. Among her duties is the issuance of dog licenses. She does this with the aid of our police force who is named Forrest. Some weeks after Binkie's purchase she was writing the license. She handed it to Forrest. He looked it over and said, "But, Mrs. Roosevelt, Binkie is not a he, he is a she." For nearly a month my wife, who prides herself on being a farmer, had been entertaining a lady dog unaware.

Another dog we have at Oyster Bay today is an airedale named Donald. He is a sturdy soul. When we got him several years ago he was a puppy. Sometimes when we were sitting at lunch we would hear the most terrific noise outside. It sounded as if a tornado was raging in the hall. We would run

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to the door and find Donald tearing around and around, his mouth open, his ears flapping, throwing furniture and rugs about as if they were chaff before an autumn wind. In the beginning we thought something was wrong with him. Later we discovered that, as Balocca put it, he was "just being happy."

Donald is far more sedate now, but he still can cause excitement as the following letter from my wife shows:

"Sunday morning Quentin and I decided that as it was the most beautiful day that ever was we would not go to church but would take a walk through the woods instead. Accordingly we set out followed by Donald. We went up the hill back of the house, wondered as usual whether the Leeds' dogs would rush out and devour us, picked a pair of apples from our favorite tree of Cousin Emlen's, and eventually drew near to Eel Creek. Here we heard shouts and cries and beheld your mother, Archie, Gracie, and several assorted children running about in what appeared to be a prairie fire that was raging around the bath house. We hurried across the bridge and helped beat out the flames. Your mother, rather hot, but completely undaunted, sat down by me. I asked her how it had happened. 'Why, we lit the fire,' she said, 'and

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as it was rather windy we sat down in the lee of the bathing house and started to talk. Then we realized the fire had spread. 'That's all.'

"At this moment Cousin Emlen, Jack and Phil appeared. 'Were you trying to burn up the bathing house?' Cousin Emlen's sense of humor was misplaced! Phil, taking in the situation at a glance said hastily, 'Well, who has a better right than Cousin Edith!'

"Suddenly there was a noise like a tray of dishes falling downstairs. We all turned but could see nothing. Then Gracie [my brother Archie's wife] shrieked, 'Archie! Oh! come quickly! Eleanor's dog has upset all the lunch in the sand and now he is having a fit under the bath house and is foaming at the mouth! I know it is hydrophobia! Oh! save the children!'

"Sure enough, there was my poor Donald apparently having the most thorough fit that ever was. The children were herded off to one side while everyone explained to Gracie that a perfectly well dog does not become violent from rabies all in one second. Phil said reassuringly that it was nothing to foam at the mouth, that some dogs foamed at the mouth every day! Which did not entirely convince her. After watching the poor dog for some time we decided I had better go home as fast as possible and send Balocca with the Ford for Donald, because, as Cousin Emlen remarked, 'He won't feel much

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like walking home after this!’ So Quentin and I started and fairly ran through the woods. Every few minutes he would say, ‘Mother, how soon can we rest? What makes fits? What does it feel like to have a fit? Do people have fits?’

“Finally dripping and covered with burrs, we came to Balocca’s cottage. I shouted for him. What was my surprise to be greeted by Donald, who rose from the floor of the porch and came to meet us, wagging his tail. What is more, he seemed completely well.”

Horses of course we had in numbers before the automobiles and the hard surface road came into existence. One of the earliest of these was Pony Grant, who belonged to my sister Alice. He was an opinionated fat animal. We used to ride him two or three at once. His back was very broad. As a result, we could get no purchase with our short legs and slid off like the Knight in *Alice in Wonderland*. Pony Grant was very gentle. Once when I was hugging his front legs I felt a tug at my straw hat. He was placidly eating it.

Our stable was oddly assorted. It contained everything from antiquated polo ponies to a pie-bald Shetland stallion with a bad temper. We used to turn out for rides like a troop of irregular



Theodore Roosevelt (the present Colonel), with his Mother.

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cavalry. Father had a solid, confidential hunter with a cob-like build and a mouth that made iron seem pliable. Mother had a mare. The rest of us used anything we could put a saddle on. Archie usually brought up the tail of the procession on a Shetland. Once when we rode en masse to Fort Myer to see a review, a colonel of cavalry came to meet us. His horse was so frightened by the thunderous approach of our polyglot cavalcade that it ran away—much to our delight.

When Father came back from the Spanish-American War he brought with him his "war horse"—Little Texas. The animal was a cross-grained ugly broncho of a surly and uncertain temper. The romance that cloaked it, however, excused much in our eyes. I rode it continually. Two of its tricks were particularly annoying. Without warning it would rear and go over backwards. In addition, while apparently ambling uninterestedly down the road it would bolt into the underbrush and scrape me off.

There was one big hunter I often used named Renown. Once when I came home for the holidays I asked the groom how he was. The groom shook his head sadly, and said, "Mr. Ted, that horse ain't been rid for two weeks. He's a-standin' in his stall just natcherly thinkin' up devilment."

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The first horse I owned personally was given me by some cowboys. He was an iron gray and when fattened and groomed looked much like the wooden horses that used to stand outside of the harness shops. We called him "Gray Dawn." When my finances were very low I sold him to Mother. This was an excellent idea, for I got the additional money and still had the use of the horse.

After I had gone to work he was sold to an attaché of the Italian Embassy who rechristened him Lorenzo Magnifico and rode him over the trails in Rock Creek Park for many years.

When I went to France with the First American Division I was a Major and therefore entitled to a mount. The horses the troops had were sorry specimens, with the conformation of clothes racks and legs that looked like the legs of a Cochin-China chicken. I longed for a really good mount and telegraphed my wife, who was in Paris, asking her to buy me one. With the aid of General Frank McCoy she purchased a beautiful little mare, a thoroughbred, sired by a winner of the Grand Prix, with a head like a deer and slender beautifully made legs. Her name was Tamara.

So far so good. It developed, however, when she arrived, that she had never seen a soldier and had never heard a gun fired. For the first few

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weeks that I had her I think I was in more danger out of the line than I was in it. Once we had a review for Maréchal Joffre. I was riding in the prescribed position at the head of my battalion. Just as we got opposite the reviewing stand the French band executed a flourish with its trumpets. This was too much for Tamara's already frayed nerves. She bolted, and I deserted my battalion and led a single-handed cavalry charge on the rear of the preceding unit.

Besides these major pets we had any number of minor ones. We had rabbits, of course, but for some reason they never appealed to us. We were much fonder of guinea pigs. All of ours had names. A very valorous old warrior was "Fighting Bob Evans"; an albino of my brother's, for some unknown reason, "Admiral Dewey"; a rough-haired animal, "Bishop Doane." Naturally each of these had his wife. Once Mrs. Doane gave birth to a single enormous male. He was at once christened "The Prodigal Son," because of his clerical parentage and because we had mixed in our minds the meaning of prodigal and prodigious.

About this time it was the fashion for little boys to wear sailor blouses gathered at the waist with an elastic. Their evident utility struck us at once. We used them as carry-alls. Among other treas-

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ures, we kept guinea pigs there. We put them in through the V-shaped hole in the neck. They were quite happy and used to run around our waist-bands while we went about our affairs.

Flying squirrels were among our highly prized pets also. Their soft gray fur and large round bright eyes appealed to us, though they rarely became very tame and generally bit us at every opportunity. Once a pair that belonged to me had young. They were fascinating little creatures and bid fair to grow into real friends. Unfortunately, a weasel found its way into my room and killed them all while I slept.

When Father was Governor we kept our animals in the cellar under the parlor. Their number increased and diversified through gifts until we had quite a sizeable menagerie. There was a legion of guinea pigs, rabbits, squirrels, and a 'coon. During the winter when every window was shut because of the cold all went smoothly. Then spring came. The windows were opened. While receiving guests Mother noticed a strange and very strong odor in the parlor. At first she thought it was fertilizer on the lawns. Then it dawned on her that the smell of fertilizer could not be so strong and so all-pervading. We had opened the window in the room where our animals were to give them air. It

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was as if the parlor were in a zoo. We were told to cut down and move our establishment.

At times friends of my father sent him animals as a gift. Once King Menelik of Abyssinia sent him a zebra and a lion. Both were sent to the Zoological Gardens in Washington, over our protests. We had at various times at Oyster Bay an eagle, a mountain lion, a bear and a badger. The first two showed no signs of becoming pets, and were soon sent to the Bronx Zoo. The bear was a cub and was as alluring as little bears are. He was loose-jointed, with large feet, and his legs were so furry he looked as if he were wearing long trousers. We took him for walks on the end of a heavy chain. As he grew older and larger it became a question of "who took who" for a walk, and we sadly sent him to join the mountain lion and eagle.

The badger was different. We named him Jonathan Edwards after that much-heralded sire from whom we and many thousands have descended. He ran loose around the stable, got along excellently with the dogs, and was gentle with all of us. He had only one bad habit. He bit all strangers in the ankle. This eventually was his undoing, and he also went to the Zoo. As long as he lived we paid him periodic visits and found him glad to see us.

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Birds were rare among our pets. We loved them out of doors in the trees, but not in cages. In early youth I can recall a couple of idiotic canaries that twittered incessantly in their brass cages. I took so little interest in them I don't even recall what happened to them. We had one in this generation, mainly to please the nurse who took care of my children.

The only two birds we ever cared for were parrots. Of these the most striking was a great blue macaw. He was called Eli, in honor of Yale University. He had an enormous meat-chopper beak and the usual beady black eyes. Sometimes when dinner was finished we let him wander over the table. The guests treated him with tremulous respect and drew back when he approached them, his head cocked on one side. He was not always gentle. Once my sister Alice was holding him on her wrist. Apparently all was going well and their relations were excellent. Deliberately he turned his head to one side and looked at her for a moment. Then methodically he leant down and bit a piece out of her finger.

Even ordinary pigs came in for a share in our affection, as is shown by the following letter that came to me from my father during the War when I was in France:

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"SAGAMORE HILL, October 27, 1917.

"I came back here Monday evening, and day before yesterday your three darling children arrived. I can't say how I have enjoyed them. Gracie is the most winning little thing I have ever known; she mothers the small boys; and is so sure that we all love her! The first evening I read her *Peter Rabbit* and *Benjamin Bunny*, while Mother as an interlude read her *Little Black Mingo*—Gracie felt that to have us read alternately prevented monotony. Ted's memory was much clearer about the pigs than about me; he greeted me affably, but then enquired of a delighted bystander—Mary, I think—'What is that man's name?' At supper, in pure friendliness and from a desire to encourage closer intimacy, he put the question to me direct, in a deep voice. Gracie explained that I was Grandfather (adding that she had two Grandmothers, who were twins) and that Ted was Theodore Roosevelt 3rd. I endeavored to explain that I was the first of that name; but the effort was a failure. Cornelius was not shy a bit; he was immensely excited by the toys he found, and called the little cars 'Trolley cars'; he promptly ran them up and down my arm. Then he told me they were 'birthday presents' to him—they were not presents at all, as he simply seized them by force majeure; but your mother had received presents on her birthday, and he now

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astutely treats the possibility of a present as giving him a birthday. This afternoon I took the three down to that haven of delight, the pig pen; I trundled Cornelius in his baby carriage while Gracie and Ted alternately carried and did battle over my long walking stick. We fed the pigs with elderly apples; then we came to a small rick of hay down which I had to slide each of them in turn until I finally rebelled; then halted so that each might get a drink of water; 'and so homeward,' as Mr. Pepys would have said."

There are many funerals of the animals that I remember. Some were unmixed tragedy. Others had their humorous side as well. Kermit, Ethel and I had a sand box in which we used to play. At about the period when guinea pigs were most plentiful, for some reason we decided that the place to bury our dead guinea pigs was in this sand box. We had quite a little cemetery under way when Mother discovered it and for obvious hygienic reasons forbade it.

Of the many small funerals that stand out in my memory the clearest is that of the original Jack. As I have said, he was first buried behind the White House. When Father left the Presidency Mother did not want Jack to stay there, beneath the eyes of Presidents who might care

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nothing for little black dogs. His coffin was dug up and he was brought to Oyster Bay. One summer afternoon we had the second interment. The hearse was a wheelbarrow. We boys, Mother and Father were the pallbearers and mourners. Solemnly we walked across the lawn. Then the comedy of the double funeral struck Father. With difficulty he stifled his laughter, for fear of hurting Mother's feelings. Almost choking with the effort he glanced at Mother, and saw that what he thought was grief smothered in a handkerchief was really laughter. She as well as he had been overcome by the comic side of six full-grown people conducting a second funeral for a dog with the aid of a wheelbarrow.

At Sagamore behind the house is a great granite boulder. Around it are clustered flowering bushes. Near it stands an arbor covered with rambler roses, which in spring is a blaze of brilliant colors. On the stone is cut the simple inscription, "Faithful Friends." Beneath it rests Jack, Little Texas, my father's horse in the Spanish-American War, Tamara, my horse in the last war, and many another true friend of the family.

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A GREAT mistake is made by many families who treat out of door play as something in which elders and juniors part company. There is no need for this. It is very easy to devise games in which everyone can join and where everyone gets all the exercise and fun he needs.

Thirty years ago we used to take communal walks. Automobiles were still concealed in the mists of the future and feet were then one of the principal means of locomotion. All went, from Father and Mother to the dogs. Mother would walk serenely and evenly ahead, while the dogs and children played around her like a school of porpoises around a ship. Every moment some treasure was discovered—perhaps a turtle, perhaps the broken end of a rusty shovel. There was one particular walk which took us by a house



The late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt with his granddaughter Grace, daughter of the present Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt.

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where there was a large black dog with a terrifying bark. What was worse, you never could tell from where he would rush. To this day I can remember the feeling of danger it gave me. I was as nervously alert as a scout on night patrol. When that house hove in sight I used to "hang by mother's pocket." It was the only way I got even a comparative sense of safety.

Once, in the exigencies of economy, some red cloth left over from a feminine garment was converted into a pair of short pants for me. I rather liked the color, but it had its drawbacks. I knew of the predilection of bulls for red. When our path lay through the field where Smith's bull was I always kept Mother between me and the bull.

We particularly valued Father as a companion. He could think of such delightful things to do. There was a big sand bluff on the point half a mile from Sagamore. He organized handicap races up it. They were splendid for the lungs, as every step the contestant took he slipped back half-way. One late autumn afternoon when Mother was not with us, we had a race down the bluff. The ground was frozen hard. We started at top speed. Then one after the other tripped and fell, crashing to the ground "as falls on Mount

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Avernus a thunder-smitten oak." We reached the bottom, dusty, bruised and breathless. This was all very well for the boys, who enjoyed it greatly and to whom a scar more or less made no difference, but my sister Alice got a gash on her forehead. When we reached home Father was in deep disgrace. Mother made him drive her in the buggy to the village to have the doctor bandage the cut.

As time passed these walks became harder and Mother dropped out. They were known as "scrambles." Father led them and in general they were confined to the male members of the family. A maxim which made them particularly delightful was that clothes were not to be considered. A tear in a pair of trousers was merely an incident of the day, rather a badge of honor than otherwise.

A variant on scrambles was what we used to call a "point-to-point." This consisted in selecting some landmark and going to it without turning aside for anything. If a haystack was in the way we either climbed over it or burrowed through it. If we came to a pond we swam across. Once when I was in my teens we found ourselves on the bank of a pool covered with green scum. There were some very small children with us who could not swim. Each of these was assigned to

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an older member of the party. The little boy who fell to my lot did not like the green scum. Instead of lying low in the water and letting me tow him, he decided to climb out as far as he could. No remonstrances on my part had any effect. He wriggled himself up on my shoulders while I sank lower and lower. When we got to the other side I was almost under the surface, and had taken a large gulp of the scum.

Some years later when Father was President we were tramping through the swamp that then lay to the south of the White House. A deep creek barred our way. We swam it, then we noticed that our clothes had a peculiar and offensive smell. It developed that we had unwittingly swam a drain.

Besides these walks we had games in the Old Barn. It was a weatherbeaten gray building that had stood on the hilltop time out of mind. The massive beams that supported its shingled roof were hand-hewn. It had a patriarchal, colonial air about it. Memories of the past, when Oyster Bay was a little self-dependent village, clung to its rough unpainted sides. There we used to gather and play hide-and-seek. We tunneled the hay until it was like a rabbit warren. These burrows gave us a great advantage over the older members

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of the family, because the grown-ups on account of their size got stuck if they tried to use them.

We played another game known as an Obstacle Race. The course lay from the front door of the barn, up and over the hay on the right, back up a beam to the hay on the left, out the window and around the barn to the starting point. Each runner did the course separately against time. We kept our records with as much care as if we were competing in the Olympics.

By the time our children came along the poor Old Barn was gone. It had become so shaky that Mother, fearful it might "go to pieces all at once," had it pulled down to prevent it falling on us while we were playing there.

Now we have a more diversified schedule. We call it "Games on the Hill." On Sunday afternoons we all gather, sometimes twenty or more children and half a dozen parents. The children vote as to what the first game shall be. As a rule the choice falls to hockey. Hockey is a misnomer. It is old-fashioned shinny. The game is played with a ball and shinny-sticks on a grass plot just back of the stable. Rules are all but unknown. Everyone from forty to four takes part. Like the dodo race, it has no definite conclusion.

When everyone has had enough we change to

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hide-and-go-seek. This is not a stationary game, as the object is to reach "hunk" unseen. The last one in is penalized. Everyone is constantly on the move. The littlest ones generally stick to my brothers Kermit and Archie or to me, which puts an almost unsurmountable handicap on us, as they insist upon wandering out of the hiding places at inopportune moments. When the youngest are caught we make them "it" in pairs.

Once after a valiant endeavor to reach hunk with my brother's daughter Clochette, aged seven, I overheard her telling the other children, "Yes, and Uncle Ted dragged me in by my stomach!"

The other day we adopted a new game, Treasure Trove. Some object is hidden and then a series of clues, each leading to the other, are placed over a half mile of country. They read "Look in the old apple tree near the easiest place to climb the fence." "What does your mother call you when you don't wash? Go where they live." In an excited pack the children dashed wildly from place to place. They all enjoyed it, but it put too great a premium on age. As one of the little ones said, "It is so hard to know what a clue means when you can't read."

In winter when the ground is covered with snow we change our sports. Coasting, tobogganing and

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skiing are the order of the day. The side of the hill is covered with upset children, squirming in the snow drifts. Here a little boy will be sitting in the snow sadly watching a pair of skis, with which he has parted company, pursue their interrupted course to the bottom of the hill. There some legs feebly waving from a snow bank will mark where a sled has upset. Sometimes we go to nearby ponds and skate. We are none of us particularly good on the ice, but even at that we are better than Father was. When he was on skates he was not to be trifled with. The wise child gave him a wide berth. There was no knowing if you were near him when he might play the unconscious juggernaut.

In summer we often have picnics as a variant. These take place regardless of weather. Sometimes we go far afield, more often we use our west beach.

In times past when Long Island was real country and automobiles more unfamiliar than the Man in the Moon, there were countless delightful places. Now on a Saturday and Sunday people from the city fill every nook and cranny. This greatly limits our choice, for half of the fun of picnics is to be alone with the family with no outlanders. Nevertheless, so deep is the love of picnics in-

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grained in us that we still go, regardless of difficulties.

I think a clear idea of how the uninitiated regard an old time picnic is given in the following account by my wife:

Picnics have been among the favorite recreations of the Roosevelt family for generations at Oyster Bay, but in recent years they have changed and become somewhat less Spartan in character. Never, no matter how long I live, will I forget my first experience, shortly after I was married.

It was a broiling hot day; the kind no loyal native can ever be made to admit exists on Long Island. My father-in-law announced at breakfast that we would go. Everyone was enthusiastic. I liked picnics. I liked the cold food usually found on picnics; the lemonade, the chicken-salad, the lettuce sandwiches and all the nice things done up in waxed paper. It would be pleasant, on such a blistering hot day, to have lunch outdoors in the cool shade of some big tree, not too far away and easily reached.

Before we were well under way I realized with a pang that this was not going to be that sort of a picnic. Our provisions were plentiful, but consisted of a large basket of clams, another of thick ham sandwiches and a demijohn of water.

Friends and cousins had been notified, and by ten o'clock a dozen people had gathered. Carry-

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ing the supplies we headed for the beach, walking the half-mile through the woods as rapidly as we could put one foot before the other. At first I could see no reason for such extreme haste, and was inclined to walk slowly and at least try to keep cool. Then I understood. The mosquitoes in those woods were as big as bats. Singing angrily, they swarmed about us in clouds. Soon I was running ahead of everybody.

On the beach were five rowboats. Two of them were far more desirable than the rest, as they had nice, comfortable chairs in the stern. I waited, thinking someone would surely suggest that I sit in one of the chairs, but I seemed to have quite the wrong idea. Apparently, what I was expected to do was to run ahead, leap into a chair and hold it against all comers. By the time everybody else was settled there was nothing left for me but to squeeze between the basket of clams and the demijohn of water in the flat-bottomed boat manned by Ted and his cousin George.

Under the blazing sun we rowed and rowed. There was not a vestige of breeze. The Sound was as calm as glass. By and by I began pointing out places where we might stop, but they were all declared quite unsuitable and far less attractive than the spot to which we were going. Some two hours later we landed on a beach precisely like the one from which we had started, except that it was farther away from home. The boats were drawn up on the sand, the provisions unpacked. There

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was not the least shade, as we could not go near the trees because of the poison ivy.

The kettle was filled to make tea. The thought of hot tea was depressing enough, but it was even worse to see the roaring fire built over the clams. When they were judged ready my father-in-law selected one, opened it, sprinkled it with pepper and salt and handed it to me. It was very large and had a long black neck. Making a valiant effort, I managed to get it all in my mouth, burning myself severely in the process. At first, although gritty with sand, it was delicious; but that soon wore off and it became like a piece of old rubber hose. I felt like Father William,

"The muscular strength that it
gave to my jaw,
Will last me the rest of my life."

I looked around at everybody consuming large quantities of clams. How did they do it? The more I chewed the larger my clam seemed to get. This was dreadful, it would go on forever. Sur-reptitiously I hid it under a log, but not deftly enough to escape the quick eye of my father-in-law.

"You aren't as persistent as Archie when he was small," he said. "The first time he ever ate a clam on a picnic he chewed for a time, then had three sandwiches, half a dozen cookies and an orange. About an hour later he came to me and

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asked what he should do with the poor little dead clam. It was still in his mouth!"

As we were packing to go home a head wind sprang up. It had taken us two hours to row out, but it took us five to get back. Faces and necks were sunburned to a crisp; hands were blistered. My father-in-law had a difficult time reaching shore at all as the boat in which he was rowing my mother-in-law began to leak badly. In spite of it all, everybody considered that the picnic had been a great and glorious success.

One picnic when we were small I shall never forget. It was at Lloyd's Neck. The day was swelteringly hot. The sun shone with relentless fury on the water. The pebbles on the beach were warm on our bare feet as we paddled to and fro. There was not a breath of air. After we had consumed great quantities of baked clams and cinders, sandwiches and sand, and washed them down with copious drafts of warm ginger ale, we cast around for something to do.

The mothers had gathered in a little knot under a tree and were sewing and talking in placid content. To us children such serene composure was irritating. It suggested the quiet of the cow chewing its cud in the shade.

We turned to Father. He was equal to the oc-



Picnic.

Left to right background: Archie Roosevelt, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt.

Left to right foreground: Quentin Roosevelt, the Late Colonel Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt.

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casion and proposed a walk. Off we trooped together, big and little, boys and girls. We wandered along the beach picking up the delightful oddments that the tide line always affords—dead horseshoe crabs, winkle shells, bits of spars. The day seemed to grow hotter. We wanted to go bathing, but there was a “lion in the way.” There were both boys and girls, and no one had a bathing suit. Father slew the lion with the pronouncement that we could all bathe in our clothes.

In less time than it takes to tell we were splashing in the water like a school of bonyfish. My sister Alice was wearing a long white pique skirt. In the pocket she was carrying a small red-backed volume of Shakespeare. In the excitement of the moment she forgot to leave it on the beach. As a result, the whole right side of her skirt was stained a strawberry red.

Finally, thoroughly happy and refreshed, we splashed to the beach again, shook ourselves like dogs, and started back. We drew near the tree under which the mothers were gathered. At first they paid no attention to us—then as they saw our condition they sat up abruptly. We were not popular, especially Father.

I was in the boat with Father, Mother, and Kermit, as we rowed back. The atmosphere was chilly

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in spite of the day. Mother ostentatiously borrowed an elder cousin's coat and wrapped Kermit in it, announcing to no one in particular and everyone in general that she hoped "he would not have a bad attack of croup that night." Father rowed very hard, kept very quiet, and tried to pretend he was not there.

When we reached Sagamore Mother went into the house saying, "Come with me, children. You must each of you have some Jamaica ginger to keep off colds."

Now Jamaica ginger was a particularly noisome medicine. It came from a bottle that was kept in the family medicine chest in Mother's room. We all hated it.

As the swing-door closed behind her, we gathered in a little knot about Father. "Father, won't you ask her not to give us ginger?" He looked at us quizzically. "Children," he said, "I don't dare interfere. I shall be very fortunate if she does not give me ginger too."

Besides this we had bathing, the whole family together. The little boys in tights, Mother decorously clad in an enormous heavy bathing-suit with skirts and pantalettes that came down to her ankles. Father had a very odd garment of which I have never seen a duplicate. It was made

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in one piece and buttoned down the front. There were little half-sleeves which came just below his shoulders.

Once when my cousins and I were practicing with a new rifle, the patron devil of little boys prompted us to select for a target the red side of our bath house. Next day Father went in bathing with my Mother and some of her friends. His bathing suit was new, and he was proud of it. While standing on the float he called on the company to admire it. They looked at it, and found that the seat of the trousers was punctured with a series of holes like the bottom of a sieve.

Besides the usual diving and swimming we had exciting variants. We would overturn a boat and the children would scramble to and fro over the half-submerged rocking hull like small seals.

There is a story of a nice young lady who was walking on the shore one day. She saw a head appearing and disappearing between the waves some distance out. The day was blustery. There were whitecaps. She became worried for the safety of the unknown swimmer. Looking around she saw a longshoreman digging clams. She ran to him and pointed to the bobbing head. "There's a man who must in danger of drowning. Take your boat and go to him!" The longshoreman straightened up,

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turned his leathery face seaward and squinted his eyes. After a minute or two he said, "That man in danger? Hell, no! It's Roosevelt," and picking up his hoe began digging clams again.

Today we bathe in much the same fashion as we did then. The little boys' costumes are like our costumes thirty years ago. The only real difference lies in the bathing suit my wife wears, which would have been considered scandalous in the extreme by us when we were children.

One advantage we had over our children was horses. At Sagamore there were always a number of them, more or less rideable, ranging from my father's hunter to a barrel-like and rather vicious Shetland stallion. A troop of cavalry was nothing to what our riding parties were. We looked like the Cumberbatch Family in Caldecott's drawings.

When we boys reached our teens we schooled the horses over jumps in the field back of the stable. We played no favorites. All that came to our mill was grist. Until we were found out, we schooled the carriage horses as well as the hunters. There was one black pony, the especial province of my brother Archie, that went by the name of Betsy. She resembled a woolly bear, but was a remarkable little beast. You could lead her under a bar and then jump her over it.

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One of the most delightful of our outdoor recreations during the summer was camping. This consisted of the male parent taking the male children to spend the night on some beach or in some wood near Oyster Bay.

When we were little Father took us all camping in this fashion. Now my brothers and I in our turn do the same with our children. Needless to say the point of view on the trip is entirely different when you are ten and conducted and when you are forty and conduct. To the boy of ten it is an odyssey of adventure, where anything may happen from the advent of strange unknown wild animals to combats with outlaws. To the disillusioned grown-up of forty the happenings are all too well known.

In our day we generally rowed. Father would take the younger in his boat. The older would "paddle their own canoes." Sometimes we ran into stiffish storms, but as we all swam like ducks they made no difference.

Father was pilot, cook, raconteur, and disciplinarian. I never realized the extent of his good temper until it came my turn to take my children in similar fashion. It did not occur to me in those days that he could do other than enjoy being dirty with a good excuse. I can see him now in the

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misty gray of a rainy morning paddling down a shell-strewn beach in his bare feet, a toothbrush in his hand, to where the water swished oilily around the reed-clothed rocks.

Custom not only prescribes these camping trips, but also that all boys of the Roosevelt family of sufficient age go, regardless of whether their grown-up male parent is able to be with them.

This year the third of July was selected as the date for our first camping trip. It had its drawbacks, as my brother Kermit was in Europe, so that the contribution from his family consisted of two boys and no parent.

Archie and I settled on the date between us. He agreed to go and bring little Archie, aged nine, for his first trip. That made me feel reasonably secure, for though Kermit would not be there, at least I would have one grown-up. I told my two boys, Teddy and Cornelius, aged thirteen and eleven, and Kermit's two, Kim and Willard, eleven and nine. A couple of days passed. Unexpectedly Archie telephoned to say that his wife had made a dinner engagement for him which she could not break. This was bad news. A lone grown-up on one of these expeditions has an onerous position. Hastily running over in my mind the men I knew who had the best dispositions and were the most

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gullible, I picked on Fairman Dick, a lifelong friend and fishing companion. I got in touch with him and he said he would come. Again I was happy.

It was a fool's paradise, however, for the day of the trip I found a message from him on my desk. He had gone to Southampton. In thoroughly cowardly fashion he had left without speaking to me himself, but had let his secretary break the news.

On the morning of the third it rained, and some measure of hope returned. Perhaps we could not go. I worked in town until after lunch and then took the train home. Eleanor met me at the station in her little green Chevrolet. She told me she thought the weather was too threatening to camp. Unfortunately I remembered clearly the way I had felt when a boy. If it were not actually raining hard I would have felt my Father showed moral turpitude if he had put off a promised camping trip. I explained this sadly.

When I got to the house the little boys were waiting. Perhaps that is the wrong word to use. Waiting implies a certain repose and quiet. There was nothing reposeful or quiet about those little boys. Dressed in shorts and shirts they were swarming to and fro over the porch and lawn with the enegy of bugs from under an overturned log.

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Shouting to them that I would be down in a minute, I ran upstairs and changed my clothes. Then I checked supplies. These were simple. Each had a blanket—we took no tent. Food consisted of bacon, eggs, bread and chops. A frying pan was our only cooking utensil. The weapons of the chase were a .22 rifle and a hand seine for whitebait. In fifteen minutes we were ready to start.

Then there was trouble. In my family there are four cars. One is a large Noah's Ark Buick driven only by the chauffeur, and used for taking the family to church or to the station. One is a Ford delivery wagon nine years old, the special province of the gardener. One is a green Chevrolet, and one an unusually old and dilapidated Oldsmobile. The Chevrolet had been bought with a great flourish of trumpets for me. Then Eleanor had driven it, liked it, and decided that it was not for me. Almost unnoticeably it became "Mother's car." "Father's car" was the worn and disreputable Oldsmobile. Parenthetically, Father's car he shared with the servants, who used it on their days off. This was the car in which I was to have taken the children to the camping ground. It was not at the door. A wild search for Patrick, the chauffeur, disclosed the fact that this after-

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noon had been selected by him to overhaul the Oldsmobile. There was nothing to do but override Eleanor's protests and commandeer the Chevrolet. We all piled in and started, the car leaking children and blankets from every side.

Our destination was a sandy beach that skirts the river salt marsh. The road to the beach is little more than a trail. Down it we bumped. Branches whipped by us. Leaves and twigs fell in showers on the radiator. Suddenly, just before us we saw that the already leafy trail was blocked by a welter of green. A tree had fallen across. To the accompaniment of shrill advice I turned the car off the trail. Our cars are always expected to do cross-country work when necessary. Through the clinging branches and churning sand the stout little machine ploughed until in triumph we completed the detour and found ourselves on the trail again.

A short distance further on we got to the "end of motor transportation." We scrambled out and unloaded the supplies. They must be carried the rest of the way. Then came the apportionment of the loads. A little boy is so constructed that he varies between two extremes. He either wishes to carry a much smaller load than is his due and scamper ahead, or an infinitely larger one than he

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can manage without dropping articles at every few steps. Furthermore, the larger boys are generally those who wish the smaller loads, while the smaller boys festoon themselves with packages until they look like animated piles of goods at a rummage sale. Soon the unloading was finished and we trailed off. I brought up the rear, picking up the stray articles shed on the way by the diminutive coolies who preceded me.

The edge of a wind-swept ridge of sand where a few straggling bushes grew was selected as the place for our fire. There the dunnage was piled. Then came the first sport of the evening—swimming. The three or four pieces of clothing that each boy wore were put off and dropped in tumbled piles, and the four of them scampered like active brownies to the water. The net was carried down and two rusty tin cans picked up to hold such fish as we might catch. The net poles at each end were taller than the fishermen and too heavy for one child to handle alone. For an hour and more they toiled, two at each pole. Each haul brought a half dozen minnows or shiners which were carefully deposited in the rusty cans. The fact that we did not get any large or strange fish discouraged none of them. Who knew, perhaps the next time the net was drawn we might!

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Finally I called a halt. It was time for supper. Up and down the beach they scampered, collecting driftwood. The fire was started, large enough for all. We clustered around it. The food was produced. I cooked for all in a large frying pan. The children supplemented this by cooking certain things for themselves.

Teddy and Cornelius had brought mess kits, but Kim and Willard had not. Accordingly, the two small frying pans and the two small pots were divided among the four. Those with the frying pans started on bacon, which soon became charred black and shriveled but was eaten nevertheless with great relish. Those with the pots started to boil eggs. Meanwhile I was busy frying more bacon and eggs and chops. Every few minutes my opinion was demanded on whether their eggs were boiled or not. A competent judgment on this was almost impossible by the fact that the eggs had been put in the water when it was cold. Eating naturally was a continued performance at which all of them showed ability to a marked degree.

When supper was over the mess kits were cleaned with the greatest diligence until they literally shone. Then they were put away in their canvas cases. This unusual cleanliness was all the

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more striking because it did not apply while the utensils were in actual use. When the boys were cooking bits of charred wood and cinders dropped into their frying pans. Sand in considerable quantities was scattered in after. They paid no attention to this whatsoever. With hands that would shame an Australian bushman the eggs, bacon, bread, crusted with cinders and sugared with sand, were crammed into their mouths.

Kim had fallen in love with a phrase, "My patience!" All little boys seem to do this at times. He could not say three words without getting "My patience!" in. It was, "My patience, Teddy, that is a beautiful egg!" "My patience, look at the fire!" The words served in his conversation as the refrain does in an old ballad. It had about as much relevancy.

Right after supper we had rifle practice. Shells, tin cans and sticks served as targets. It was astonishing at times how well they shot, and equally astonishing at others how badly. Gradually dusk swallowed spit and headland and the lights twinkled out across the water. It became too dark to shoot any longer.

The fire was built higher. We spread our blankets to windward of it and then stories began. These, according to custom, are told by the grown-

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up. Furthermore, they must in the main be about ghosts or goblins. The saving grace in the situation is that they do not have to be new. Indeed, they must not be new. Those stories must be sanctified by time. When one is finished the little boys debate together as to which they wish next.

The raconteurs must not be sensitive to interruptions. While the story is going on the little boys shift from side to side, scratch themselves, throw sticks at one another, bury themselves in sand, and all give the appearance of absolute inattention. This is largely fictitious. If you stop suddenly any one of them can tell exactly where you were and what comes next.

At the end of two hours I felt as if I were a pump in a nearly dry well.

Finally the fire burnt low and I issued an ultimatum to the effect that everyone must now turn in. Selecting a log of driftwood for a pillow, I hollowed out a form in the sand and rolled up in my blanket. There where I lay I could see the children preparing themselves for the night. Two of them had long narrow Kashmiri blankets we had brought from India a year ago. These they stretched out like strips of carpet; lay down on one end, and rolled themselves up, sticks, stones and all, until they looked like large jelly rolls. The others wan-

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dered around in search of comfortable places with their blankets trailing behind them. Silhouetted against the glow of the driftwood fire they looked like hobgoblins.

Theoretically we then settled for sleep. Practically we did nothing of the kind. The day was not over as far as the children were concerned. First they threw pebbles into the fire, chattered and occasionally got up and changed their positions. Then they found sticks, thrust them into the fire, drew them out again and played with them as torches. Finally, feeling that not only blankets but eyes and hands were endangered by this sport, I sternly called a halt. Comparative peace reigned. Occasionally one of them stuck his head up from a blanket roll like a turtle from a pond. Finally they dropped off to sleep.

It was a glorious night. The stars shone brilliantly. The waves lisped on the pebbly beach with that suggestion of loneliness which only the sea or the great mountains give. Occasionally the hoarse note of the heron drifted down from the black. There was a slight breeze which kept off the mosquitoes and the majority of the gnats. I lay and dozed in comparative comfort.

By one, when I was finally dropping off to sleep, I saw in the light of the dying fire Teddy and



Theodore Roosevelt, son of the present Colonel.

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Cornelius sit up. After a whispered conference they crawled out from blankets and started down the beach. I called to them to find out where they were going, and they answered, "For driftwood for the fire to cook breakfast." I told them that breakfast was still some time off, but let them go. In a few minutes they returned, their arms full of sticks. In putting these on the fire they roused Kim and Willard. That finished the night as far as sleep was concerned. They went in relays to get wood. They chattered together. At intervals they asked me whether it was yet time to start breakfast.

At last the stars disappeared. The gray light of dawn showed shadowy woods and beach. I crawled out of my blanket and told them we would start cooking. I doled out to each of them eggs and bacon. By six, breakfast was over and we broke camp and loaded the automobile.

When we got home the household was still asleep. That did not bother us. We never entirely lock the house. It has always been considered sufficient to lock the front door, but leave the back door open. I suppose on the theory that any well-bred burglar will realize that when he tries the front door and finds it locked that he is not wanted and will go away.

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We tiptoed upstairs. Teddy went to his room. Sonny and I to my dressing room. Parenthetically, my dressing room is more of a fiction than a fact. Whenever we have moved into a new house there is always much formality about setting a room aside for "Father's dressing room." Once that has been done, the conventions are satisfied. The next thing I know I open my closet one morning to find that my clothes have been retired to a far corner and that Eleanor's dresses are occupying the rest. Then I get home some evening and find that a child has been moved into the room. Every one of the boys has at some time shared my dressing room. Quentin was for a long time an occupant because, as was explained, neither Quentin nor I slept well, so we would not disturb each other.

At this time for some reason of domestic economy unknown to me, not Quentin, but Cornelius was my roommate. That morning his bed stood in one corner with the clean white sheets turned back invitingly. I pulled off the filthy clothes I was wearing and went to the bathroom where I shaved and scrubbed until I was clean again. When I returned to my room I found Cornelius had gone to bed. He had not taken off his clothes, he had not washed. There he lay sleeping peacefully, his grimy little head and hands outlined against the

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sheets. What was washing to him? Merely an inconvenience forced on him by his mother.

My mother used to say that I was a brave little boy, frightened only of a cake of soap. I am afraid my sons have the same characteristics. Twenty-five years ago I remember going to wake my cousins George and Jack, who were to join me on some expedition we had planned. I climbed over the back porch into their room and roused them. They got up hastily and pulled on their clothes. Then they poured some water into their basins, swashed a piece of soap in it a couple of times to give it a misty look, lastly they dipped their tooth-brushes into the basin to wet the bristles and set them back in the tumblers. That finished their toilets, and unwashed but safe from detection by a vigilant parent, they swarmed down the back porch with me.

Remembering all this, I left Sonny sleeping in dirt and comfort and went to the spare room, where I dozed on a sofa until the house began to stir.

All these sports were and are delightful for all ages. Everyone enjoyed them. That is not all. By companionship in play more lessons are taught children than by any other means.

It does little good merely to say to a boy, "Selfish-

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ness is bad. You must not be selfish." He automatically says, "Yes," but he is thinking of something else and neither understands nor heeds.

If he is out camping and grabs for the best bits of food, then is the time to drive that lesson home. Stop him at once and before all his comrades explain just what selfishness means. He will remember this indefinitely.

If boys are going on a hike and one of them develops a blister, make him take off his shoe. The chances are nine out of ten that there will be a nail in it. That is the time to teach forethought.

We have all met the type of boy who rough-houses around the camp fire while supper is cooking and scatters sand in the frying pan. He does not mean any harm, it is merely thoughtlessness on his part, but the sand is in the frying pan just the same. He can be trained to take thought by action taken at such a time far better than by hours of lengthy homily.

I can recall a hundred lessons taught me in this fashion, and now in my turn I am trying to teach them to my children in the same way.

Last spring Kermit and I took our children camping. We sailed out in a small centerboard boat. During the night the tide fell and the boat grounded. Next morning early when we rowed out to

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it we found the centerboard had been jammed with pebbles. One of our small sons when we discovered this proclaimed loudly and vaingloriously how quickly he could fix it if he were given a chance. The day was cold and gray. We towed the boat to shore. Then we said to the small boy, "Now is your chance. Get out, get into the water, crawl under the boat and pull the pebbles out."

His enthusiasm had ebbed. The water was cold and forbidding. He feebly suggested that he had changed his mind. We answered, "You said you could fix the boat. Get into the water and try." In he crawled. After a minute or so he scrambled out looking like a drowned rat. He had not fixed the centerboard, but though a sadder, he was a wiser little boy.

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AS far as the ordinary boy or girl is concerned there is nothing that is better for them than sport. What is more there is little that is as much fun. From the time we were knee-high to grasshoppers we were brought up to be sportsmen. Even if we did not become experts with the rifle or champion swimmers, we got the right spirit which is what counts. I won't go as far as to say that I never shot a bird sitting, or caught a trout on a worm, but when I did I was ashamed of myself.

Any family that lives in the country can have sport of some type. There are places where rifle ranges can be improvised, water may be found for bathing, and generally fishing of some sort nearby.

My father was an ardent sportsman. At the top of the house at Oyster Bay was a large room

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named the Gun Room. Beneath its windows on fine days spread a glorious panorama. Green fields led to greener woods and beyond lay the Sound with the white sails of boats sprinkling it like stars. On the far horizon the Connecticut shores showed dimly. The Gun Room was a sort of overflow library where odds and ends of all kinds were gathered. Around its walls unglazed shelves full of books were ranged. A couple of very meritorious Arab scimitars in frayed plush scabbards hung on the wall. Next to them was a photograph of the college club to which Father belonged. In it he appeared as a slight, solemn looking young fellow, with most preposterous mutton-chop whiskers. On a cabinet stood two glass-covered groups of birds collected by Father when at the age of eleven he went to the Nile with his family. On a nearby shelf a brace of handsomely inlaid dueling pistols reposed in a mahogany box. There were two gorgeous cold six-shooters with carved ivory butts—relics of the time when Father as a young man wished to dress as well as act the part of a dashing young cattleman. In one corner was a gun cabinet where our arms were kept. In early days it contained three shotguns—one ancient 12 gauge, a pin-fire, one 10 gauge cannon, and a more or less modern 16. The rifles began with a

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Sharps, that almost forgotten weapon which helped win the West, followed by a collection of Winchesters ranging from a 45-70 to a 30-30.

There were two closets—one for some unknown reason containing Mother's dresses, and as such was of small interest to us. The other was very different. It faced the gun case and ran back under the eaves like a robber's cave. Like a robber's cave it was fraught for us with every possibility. There were cartridge boxes, leather cases, ramrods, old pistols, and all the paraphernalia that collects around a sportsman. It had an entrancing musty smell like a shop in an Eastern bazaar.

We children spent many hours in it—though it was stiflingly hot—for we never knew what treasures we might unearth while rooting among its contents.

Father often told us tales of his ranch and the West. Shuddering with delicious excitement, we heard of cattle thieves, grizzly bears, or the battle of the Rosebud. Naturally we boys wished to learn how to shoot. The first rifle given us was a Flaubert. Father brought it out with him from town one day. I was off somewhere about the place on "affairs of Egypt," and did not get back until he was dressing for dinner. At once I made for his room, where I found him just preparing for

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his bath. The rifle was standing in a corner. Of course I fell on it with delight. He was as much excited as I was. I wanted to see it fired to make sure it was a real rifle. That presented a difficulty. It would be too dark to shoot after supper and Father was not dressed to go out at the moment. He took it, slipped a cartridge into the chamber, and making me promise not to tell Mother, fired it into the ceiling. The report was slight, the smoke hardly noticeable, and the hole made in the ceiling so small that our sin was not detected.

Later he taught me to use it. The targets ranged from strips of paper to the regulation store-bought affair. The range was our own, and very simple. It consisted of a butt of rough logs with a pit dug nearby. By shooting from the other side of a small gully we got a maximum distance of some hundred yards. It was almost as exciting to be snuggled down in the pit and hear the bullets strike the butt as it was to shoot. When practice was over we children used to grub the spent bullets out of the bank and keep them as treasures.

During those days I first realized the appalling appetite of a bullet for space. There is more exaggeration about shooting than there is about anything else, with the possible exception of fishing. At the average sporting goods store they show the

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customer rifles, the sights leafed up to five or six-hundred yards, and talk glibly of the accuracy of the weapon at those ranges. The rifle may be accurate but the sportsman is not. The sportsmen I know who kill game with any regularity at such distances can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, there is only one man whom I consider generally efficient at long range—Stewart Edward White. Above two hundred yards the element of luck plays the greatest part in my shooting. To begin with, at that distance the front sight covers most of the animal. Then there is the question of estimating the yardage. Even an expert will vary fifty to a hundred yards in rough country. The ground from which you shoot is rarely ideal and often you are out of breath.

These matters, however, were of little concern to me then. If I got on the target at fifty yards I was happy. Now my children are being taught in the same fashion. Flaubert rifles are extinct. We have given them Winchester .22s. They are excellent little weapons, light, and with their bolt-action nearly fool-proof.

My brothers and I take half a dozen small boys and girls to the range. One shoots at a time, while we try to keep the rest quiet and safely to the rear. It is very difficult to get someone about

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four feet tall into the correct position. Generally the proceedings are something like this:

"Quentin, it is your turn." . . . "No, Kim, you don't come next." . . . "Sit down, Quentin!" . . . "No, you have a hard enough time hitting the target sitting down. There is no point in standing up." . . . "There. Now rest your elbows on your legs. Take a long breath." . . . "Sonny and Willard, go back, you are too far front." . . . "Take a long breath." . . . "Clochette, don't jump about and shout." . . . "Steady, now." . . . "The reason it won't go off is because you have not cocked it."

At times an inexplicable impasse arises. One child, who has previously been able to hit the target with reasonable regularity, totally fails. There seems to be no explanation. We grown-ups speculate without avail as to the cause, while the child insists he is doing everything we tell him to do. Often when he starts hitting the target again, the reason for his sudden failure remains an unsolved mystery.

A question over which there is always much debate is the cleaning of the rifle. Though I love shooting there is nothing more unutterably dreary than cleaning my piece afterwards, and I am sure the vast majority of sportsmen share my opinion. A rifle never seems to be thoroughly clean. Run

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the rag through until it seems that there cannot be a speck of dirt left, wet it and it will come out soot black. All diabolical characteristics of inanimate objects are exemplified in a rifle, a ramrod and a bit of cloth. You select a bit of cloth, put it on the end of the ramrod, and try to poke it down the barrel of the rifle. Either it goes through so easily you know it can do no good, or it refuses to go in at all. In the latter case, maddened by its stubbornness, you grip the rod with both hands and shove. Here again there are two alternatives, either the rod bends or, after slowly progressing half down the barrel, passes through the rag and jams.

I clean my guns in the room that is euphoniously known as my study. Generally I start by knocking the telephone off the desk. Then I spill oil on the chair. My wife always threatens to take the rug away and leave the floor bare. Altogether, there is nothing so exasperating as cleaning firearms. I only knew one man who cared for it, and he came to a bad end.

If this is the case with grown-ups, with boys it is a penance of the first order. When there is a chance to slide the piece back into the case uncleaned and unnoticed they will do so and blithely proceed on their ways unmindful of the day of

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reckoning that must come, when a rusty, fouled rifle is produced for the next practice. Strict rules are necessary. We have found it best for each boy to own his own weapon. Then there is no question of "Someone else's turn."

I must have had the Flaubert for three or four years before I got my first shotgun. Even then I doubt if I should have had it were it not for a curious incident. At about that time some unknown admirer of my father began to send me periodic presents. One of these was a beautiful 16 gauge Scott gun. To this day I do not know who the kind person was, but he has my eternal gratitude. This gun is now at Oyster Bay, and though it is twenty-nine years old, is still my favorite.

In order to christen fittingly this new possession Father took me duck shooting. We were at Oyster Bay, where even in those days there were mostly fish duck. We got up before daylight on a cold winter morning. After hurriedly gulping some coffee we tramped to Eel Creek with the coachman, who was a sportsman also. Through the gray of early dawn we paddled our sink boats out, and with numb fingers set the wooden decoys. Soon the ducks began to flight. After much expenditure of ammunition I succeeded, more by good

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luck than good management, in killing one female oldsquaw. Meanwhile, Father had practically duplicated my performance by killing one male oldsquaw. In triumph we returned to the house in time for a regular breakfast. In spit of their very fishy taste and leathery toughness we had the birds cooked and ate them for dinner.

Later we got a clay pigeon trap and set it up in Smith's field near Sagamore. There we practiced industriously. One day Father shot with us. He fired once, broke his bird, and refused to try again saying that he stood on his record.

After I had this shotgun I hunted continually, generally with my cousins George and Jack. Our principal game were shore birds. We walked them up in the marshes and along the beaches. It was an exciting and healthful sport and did little harm to the sandpipers. One or two birds would provide us with days of practice. Once I saw in a marsh a winter yellowlegs. Painfully I stalked him through the clinging mud and matted eel-grass. The great green horseflies bit me but I hardly dared to slap them, so fearful was I of scaring the bird. When I was about thirty yards away I peered over the reeds, carefully aimed at him, and fired both barrels together. I was nearly

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kicked backwards into the mud and the yellow-legs flew away.

Kermit fell heir to Father's pin-fire 12 gauge. He left it uncleaned with disastrous results. It was known thereafter as the "rust bore."

When Kermit was ten and I was twelve Father took us and my four cousins of similar ages shore-bird shooting on the Great South Bay. It was a most courageous undertaking on his part, and the fact that we all returned uninjured speaks volumes for his discipline.

We wandered about the marshes and were bitten by mosquitoes. We sat patiently in eelgrass blinds and felt the thrill that comes when the first birds circle down half-seen in the gray of early dawn. At night we slept on a friend's schooner. The splash of the waves against the boat, the faint cries of the night fowl, filled us with as wild a longing as ever Stanley or Lewis knew.

Kermit was so small that when he shot Father had to support the gun. The bag of game was very limited. In spite of this we children had a delightful time. None of the many shooting trips I have been on since have been more exciting.

Surgeon General Rixey of the Navy gave me my first quail shooting. He was a delightful man, born and bred in the Old Dominion, where sports-

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men are the rule. Every autumn we used to hitch a team to a wagon and drive from Washington by Thoroughfare Gap into the heart of Virginia. We were a self-supporting unit. In the wagon, besides ourselves, we had a colored servant, three dogs and our bags. Dr. Rixey's "war sack," as he called it, contained everything from soup to nuts. It resembled Mrs. Robinson's bag in the wanderings of that famed Swiss Family. Once when we had been hunting for several days he unexpectedly produced a cold roast chicken from its depths. Behind us trotted an extra horse, often not even hitched to our wagon.

The old doctor knew the whole countryside. Wherever we stopped we found friends. We had no plans. Day by day we would rattle down the red clay road, fording muddy little creeks, passing through Culpeper, Warrenton, Charlottesville—names that recall the days when the landed gentry of Virginia paraded in lace and ruffles. At night we would put up at some farmhouse where spoon bread, corn pone, beaten biscuit, meats and preserves succeeded one another in such endless succession that I stuffed myself like a sausage.

In the early morning we would be up and off. Generally the farmer would show us to some briar patch where he had seen "a bunch of birds yester-

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day." Suddenly the dogs would point. We would advance, and with a whirr the covey would be winging its way across the winter landscape.

By evening we would have a mixed bag—a snipe or two, a dozen quail, three or four rabbits, and occasionally, on a red letter day, a wild turkey.

Our children have just reached the age when they can have shotguns. Times have changed. The laws of the incorporated village where we live permit no game to be shot within its limits, so they have to confine themselves to clay pigeons. Some day I am hoping to get a chance to take them shooting, but today we must go far afield.

Of course we all played tennis. When we started the game was much less popular than it is today. We had a dirt court near Sagamore. It was in a hollow. The moles traversed it regularly, which gave it an uneven surface. In addition, it was so well shaded that moss grew over it. The branches of the trees were so low that we had a special rule that when a ball hit a branch and might have gone in it was a "let."

There were no professionals in those days, so we batted the ball in whatever fashion seemed best to us. Father played with us whenever he had the time, and was always welcome. His method of playing was original, to say the least. He gripped the

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racquet half-way up the handle with his index finger pointed along the back. When he served he did not throw the ball into the air, but held it in his left hand and hit it from between his fingers. In spite of this, and in spite of his great weight, he played a surprisingly good game. We used him as a sort of milestone of progress. When we were able to beat him in singles it was equivalent, so to speak, to having passed the entrance examinations to college as far as tennis was concerned.

Periodically we had family tennis tournaments. At the moment they did not seem to us particularly humorous. Looking back at them over the years they assume a much more comic aspect. Once my sister Alice, then sixteen and a tall girl, was greatly pleased after she had won her match against Oliver, a diminutive ten-year-old cousin. She was rather hurt when Mother could not restrain her laughter over this notable victory.

Now we have a much better tennis court where we have family matches—sometimes Kermit and his wife against Eleanor and me; sometimes a mixture of grown-ups and children; more often odd and interminable sets composed entirely of children.

Though we lived at a mecca of yachting—the Seawanhaka Club is just across the bay—none of

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our immediate family with the exception of Archie cared for sailing. [We turned to rowboats.] They were of two types, one the traditional wedge-shaped, flat bottom variety used by the native bay men, the other the light, round-bottom St. Lawrence skiff. The former was used by the children for fishing and paddling about near the bathing beach. It was almost impossible to row in a head wind because of its high freeboard and flat bottom, but it was equally impossible to upset. In honor of its principal employment it was called the "bunny boat." The St. Lawrence skiffs were less durable. They were originally the special province of Father, but we graduated to them as we became older.

We rowed them all over the surrounding waters, portaging over necks of land and spending the night beneath them side-tipped on the beach. Those that belonged to my family were practically all christened "Edith," in honor of Mother. There were generally at least two in use, which would be distinguished as "the old Edith" and "the new Edith."

For two or three years my cousins George and Jack and I took endless pleasure out of one of these boats that belonged to an older cousin, James. He was a very generous boy, and when he

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found he did not use it, he practically turned it over to us. We called it "James's boat" and spent fully half of our time in it. The country was far wilder in those days. Naturally our trips seemed to us in the nature of explorations, though they only took us five or ten miles from home at the most. We took our lunch with us. Sometimes we spent the night. In ragged pants and shirts, perhaps sneakers—certainly no stockings—covered with fish scales and dirt, we led a healthy, happy life.

With the passing years Long Island has become so settled that now it is impossible for the next generation of the Roosevelt families to do exactly as we did. Camping out is much more difficult. It is hard to picture yourself as an explorer with an automobile party from Brooklyn a stone's throw away. Nevertheless our children have boats of much the same type that we had, and spend long hours in them, looking equally disreputable.

[We often went fishing.] Most boys do. It was our Cousin Emlen, not Father, who started us. He bought rods, put them on racks behind his bath house, and had a bait box which the boatmen kept filled, nailed to the float of his dock.

The fish we caught were mainly snapping mackerel. Their backs are a deep blue, the sides and

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bellies shining silver. Though not more than five or six inches long, they are savage little creatures and pursue relentlessly the swift-darting schools of silversides. Time and again I have lain on the float, my head over its sun-baked side, gazing down into the green water and watching the darting shadows of the mackerel as they wrought havoc among the schools of minnows.

Our tackle was of the simplest. A bamboo pole (two for a quarter at the village store), a stout line with a sinker and hook, and a cork float. Twenty cents more than covered the entire cost. Watching that cork bobbing in those days was as exciting as stalking an ibex in Central Asia is today.

As time passed we varied our fishing. We rowed to other places and sometimes made astonishingly good catches. Once I brought a string of eighty-five into the drawing room to show Mother, when the string broke and they fell in a shining silver shower on the carpet.

We fished for eels on the bottom with clams. An eel at the end of a line is a problem. It takes him less than no time to turn everything in a neat boat into an inextricable tangle. The Gordian Knot was nothing to what eels have tied in my line. Personally I believe it was not snakes, but eels with which Laocoon had his adventure.

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Occasionally we went jacking at night with one of the hired men. This was great sport. The very fact that it was at night gave an added zest. Then poling the boat along through the surrounding shadows, the yellow light from the lantern cutting the dark in a broad bar, had about it a real smack of adventure. Finally, spearing the fish as its form seemed to flow through the illuminated patch of water was very exciting.

Another one of our favorite fish was the flounder, a bottom feeder and one of the best of pan fish. I have fished for flounders when my hands were so numb that I could hardly stick the bit of clam on the hook. Once I can recall catching two hundred and feeding the entire family for a week. The aristocrats of the bay were the black fish and the striped bass. Both of them were comparatively scarce. When we brought home a "mess" it was a real triumph.

Like the first duck that I shot, these fish were "trophies of our bow and spear." It was a matter of pride with us that Mother should eat them. As a result poor Mother had assorted fish breakfasts during a large part of the summer. Now I in my turn receive the same attention. Very often two or three diminutive fish of unknown varieties appear on my plate at breakfast accompanied by

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the proud statement from Teddy or Sonny of, "Father, I caught those yesterday at the Merle Smith's pier." Though it is twenty or thirty years ago that we of the elder generation fished, history is repeating itself with hardly a deviation. Today my boys and their cousins are following the immemorial custom of little boys. The tackle they use is the same. The places they go are identical. As far as I can see, the very fish that they bring home might be those that we caught in the "gay nineties."

The similarity does not stop there. Our children have also the same ability we had to tangle the lines, particularly if the fish is a big one. Last summer Eleanor was working in the garden when she heard a chorus of excited voices. She glanced up and saw the little boys paddling up the pebbly drive. Sonny had caught a dogfish. He was carrying it in triumph; Teddy was carrying the pole to which the dogfish was still attached. In some marvelous fashion it had succeeded in winding the line about it until it seemed to have spun a cocoon.

The other afternoon I took Quentin fishing. My brother Archie and his son were with us. We started from the house with much anticipation and excitement. It was one of those gray windy days that traduces the name of April. I asked Quentin

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if he thought he was warm enough. He said he knew he was. He had two sweaters. Then I made my nephew get his coats. We got to the pier, tumbled out of the car and scrambled out to the place where we were going to fish. The wind blew bitterly. After I had baited their lines, thrown them over, and explained to them how to hold them, there was a numb silence. Quentin said, "Father, I think I am frozen." I looked at them and found that they had thoughtfully left the coats in the car. I sent them back. They got the coats. Then the fun began, for the tommy-cod were biting. Quentin caught none all afternoon, because it was just too much to be expected that he should keep his mind on his line under the circumstances. The resulting dialogue was something like this:

"Father, do you think my line is on bottom?"

"You can tell that, darling, by letting it down until it is slack."

"Oh!" A pause. "Father, do you see that boat? What do you think she is doing?"

"I don't know, Quentin, but watch your line."

"Father, do you think I have a bite?"

"I don't know, Quentin."

"Father, my line has been down a long while. Don't you think I had better pull it up?"

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"Yes, Quentin, pull it up."

"Oh, Father! The bait is gone!"

Little Archie, my nephew, succeeded in catching two tommy-cod. Each time he caught one he was tremendously surprised. Quentin caught none, but remarked, "Father, it is great fun fishing."

My own Father was not a fisherman. I never saw him fish, and believe he never did except occasionally for food when he was in the wilds. That did not mean that he was unsympathetic with such of us as were instinctive Waltonians. Just as soon as I was old enough to handle a fly rod he financed me in the purchase of proper tackle and flies. That rod and those flies opened up an endless vista of pleasure that I expect will continue as long as I can walk a mountain brook. I came by it naturally, for my great-grandfather was a devotee of the sport. I have his old brown leather accordion fly-book by me as I write. Within it in little envelopes are the various feathers with which he tied his flies. Each envelope is labeled in the prim fine-pen writing of a century ago. I am holding in my hands now a small card around which is wound his binding thread. It comes from "B. Chevalier of London." The card states that Chevalier is a competent man, "Being taught by

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his father, a fisherman of upwards of sixty years experience."

I loved all fishing when I was young, but like the thin kine of Pharaoh's dream, trouting gradually swallowed all the other types. If I go for flounders today it is because the children want to go. There is nothing more entrancing than a brook in the spring when the leaves are "large as a mouse's ear." Every bend gives a fresh and inviting prospect. The blue haze blends with new green, softening the harsh lines of winter. His approach cloaked by the splashing of the water, the fisherman comes on a ruffed grouse strutting in the sun, or startles a slim-limbed deer. Sometimes a porcupine clumsily climbs a tree and gazes at the intruder with incurious eyes. Then there are the fish, the always fickle trout. The old timer knows where they lie—just where the water cushions against that large rock there is one. Cast the light floating Cahill over the rock. Let the leader rest on it. A splash and a whirl—stream-craft is rewarded.

My children are more fortunate than we were in respect to trout. On our place in Vermont, to which my wife takes them in the summer, there is a brook. The brook is small and so are the trout. The record fish is but ten inches. Nevertheless

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they are trout. There they have fished since they were eight or nine years old. Of course at first they used the humble but effective earthworm. Then we decided they should graduate to the gentlemanly fly.

Teddy was the eldest. He was given flies. He used them and was very proud of this insignia of the full-fledged sportsman. It was not until the end of the summer that my wife found he had made a compromise. He used a fly, but he always put a worm on the end of the fly-hook.

We all may have our preferences—dry fly or wet—trout, striped bass or tarpon. Whether it be fishing or shooting, tennis or horseback riding, I am sure that for the young or old, sport, to quote from Dame Juniana of Berners, “Is goode for the soule as well as the bodye.”

HOLIDAYS

IN all well-regulated families there are customs so sanctified by time that they cease to be mere customs and rank with the famous laws of the Medes and Persians. This holds particularly true when there are large numbers of children. Children, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, are conservative and dislike innovations. Any father who tells his children stories will bear me out in this. It is not new stories that are in demand, but the old ones. What is more, the slightest deviation from the original text is greeted by a horrified protest on the part of the children.

Our family has an entire folklore of traditions. There are certain nights when the children may sit up late. There are times when they may demand stories as their right. There are places at the table which they rank, and particularly plates

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from which they are allowed to eat at certain intervals.

One of our customs is to make family reunions of certain holidays. Christmas is the most important of these.

At Christmas we always gather at Oyster Bay. In the old days there was just the one family at Sagamore Hill. Now the grown children have families of their own. The festivities really commence on Christmas Eve when we go to the carols in the little village Episcopal Church.

When I was a child and snow was on the ground we drove in a sled. There were too many of us for an old-fashioned cutter to hold. The trip was made in the body of a farm wagon on double runners. There was a seat for the driver, another for Father and Mother, while the rest of us snuggled into the straw-filled bottom. The snow creaked under the runners. The stars showed diamond-clear. The lights of the houses shone benevolently as we trotted past.

At the Church the congregation was gathered—not the summer people who come and go with the good weather, but the native-born, bred on the land. There in a pew was sitting Miss Anstice, who had not missed a Sunday with her class for come these forty years. She was a dear old lady

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with a kind wrinkled brown face. Close by was Mr. Groebel, a little brown German who gave me music lessons, to which I used to ride on a pony, my music book tied to the saddle with a bit of string. Everyone who goes to make up the life of a small village was there—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker.

Now we drive down in automobiles with our own children. This year we put a line of little Roosevelt boys in the pew ahead. I was with my Mother, and could almost feel her pride as she looked, not at the generation of her children, but on her grandsons, and saw them sturdy and numerous.

Around the other grown-ups in the congregation are also scattered numbers of children, ranging from girls in the loose-jointed, gawky teens to diminutive round-faced rascals with saucer-like eyes.

The suppressed excitement adds to the restlessness of the youthful churchgoers and the whole congregation seems to seeth. Occasionally some three-year-old breaks loose and wanders aimlessly in the aisle until claimed. The Church is brightly lit. Greens drape its wooden rafters. To the left of the pulpit stands the tree, resplendent in gilt and tinsel. A great pile of presents lie in the chancel, flanked by oranges and candy. In front

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is Mr. Talmage in his black cassock and white surplice, his eyes twinkling benevolently behind a large pair of glasses.

Then the service begins. After a hymn or two comes a short address. When Father was alive he made it. Now it falls to my lot. Father used to delight to tell how once when as President he was rising to walk forward, he was greeted by fierce whispers from all of us—"Father! Don't speak long. Think of the poor children!"

Annual speeches to the same audience at the same festival are most difficult. It is nearly impossible to think of new subjects each time. Sometimes of late years I have sat down and thought over this speech until my mind felt like a pump in a dry well. My labors are complicated by the fact that generally I have spoken fifty to a hundred times during the intervening year. As a result, I have totally forgotten what the subject of my last Christmas address was.

A few years ago when I had finished recounting the story of "How Santa Claus Came to Sandy Bar," Mr. Talmage smilingly said to me, "Colonel, you tell that story better each time." With an awful vividness I realized that I had repeated my entire speech of the previous Christmas.

The address finished, a perceptible sigh of relief

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comes from the children, for immediately after it follows the distribution of prizes. Books and medals are awarded for excellence in attendance at Sunday school. Boys with starched white collars, hair smoothed down except for an unruly tuft or two, walk forward stiff-leggedly when their names are called, and bob acknowledgment. Girls dressed in their best, and much less self-conscious, follow.

Finally the service ends by all singing the hymn we have adopted for our own, which is not in the hymn book. The first line runs:

“It is Christmas time on the river, it is
Christmas time on the bay.”

Where it came from none of us know, but it came a long time ago, for we have been singing it at our Church for a couple of hundred years. It was evidently used when Oyster Bay was a whaling village and the men folk put forth on long cruises around the Horn and into the Pacific.

That ends the service. We all wriggle our way into overcoats and mufflers and troop out, wishing Mr. Talmage a Merry Christmas as he stands at the door.

In the dark we pile into our machines and are off home. The wind whistles around us as we

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skirt the bay, where the whitecaps are half-seen in the faint starlight.

Our house is still bright with lights. For days it has been filled with mystery. The children have been making things in corners by themselves, covering them up hastily when any grown-up approaches. Under our big four-post bed packages are piled, the closet is filled with them. Downstairs the drawing room, marked "Private," has been shut off, for it is there where the larger presents are being arranged for the next day.

The evening is not over—not a bit of it. The stockings must be hung, regardless of age. There is only one left in my family who believes in Santa Claus, and even he is a little skeptical. Nevertheless, the custom continues. Not only that, but on each stocking as it dangles limply from the mantle-piece the owner's name must be pinned, so that Santa Claus can make no mistake and get the presents mixed.

When the children were young and more credulous, Santa Claus was sometimes given difficult tasks. My daughter Gracie once wrote him asking for "a little girl twin, just my age at once, please."

Gradually the children troop off to bed. The house is hushed. Only the grown-ups remain awake, feverishly wrapping up the last presents

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and cleaning up the litter of paper and ribbons.

There is something about Christmas that is almost indescribable. I can remember lying in my crib in the nursery on Christmas Eve while the wind whistled and moaned about the gables at Sagamore Hill, and the fire cast flickering shadows on ceiling and wall, making the familiar bureau look like some strange animal. In the hall and downstairs queer noises told of preparations for the next day. There was a tingle of mystery in the air. Peeping from between the blankets where I was snuggled I saw Kermit's form in his flannel "tommies" rise goblin-like above the side of the crib. Almost inarticulate from excitement he whispered, "Ted! You hear dat? What you s'pose it is?"

Next morning at eight the day officially begins. For some time before this the children have been up. The patter of their feet and muffled exclamations have made us lamentably aware of the fact that sleep was over and we were delaying proceedings.

We put on our wrappers. They troop into the room, pounce on their stockings and carry them to the big double bed. Then there is much rustling of paper and excited exclamations as each gift is pulled out. For some unknown reason, Santa

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Claus in our family is a poet and attaches doggerel verses to most of the presents. These are read aloud, as each carries some personal reference to the recipient.

An ornate tooth mug carries a verse purporting to come from the family dentist and giving some much needed admonitions as to diligence with a toothbrush. The metre is odd, the rhymes are odder, but each verse is greeted with shouts of delight.

The older generation used to have its stockings before breakfast. The result was that Christmas morning still suggests to me a cornucopia of Ridley's candy eaten hastily on an empty stomach. This practice my wife has wisely vetoed, and now the children are fed before the stockings are opened.

We dress and later go downstairs for the "big presents." The younger members, dancing with excitement, form a group at the drawing room door. The curtains are pulled aside and everyone rushes to where their gifts are piled.

Soon the room becomes a maelstrom of paper and gifts, and looks as if some giant had emptied his scrap basket in it. In one chair a child is sitting cross-legged reading a book. On the floor another, with trembling fingers, is putting together a me-

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chanical train. In the corner a third is trying out a new flashlight, endeavoring to create sufficient darkness by hunching his coat over his head.

Then the household come in for their presents, which are given to them by the children. By this time it is noon and we all gather at Sagamore Hill for lunch, where Mother presides over a long table, lined on both sides with her children and grandchildren. The youngest are put by their mothers, the eldest, as less important, are by their fathers. Great platters of food are brought in. There is a whole roast pig with an apple in its mouth. This year my youngest wanted to know why the apple? There is cider in tall pitchers. Finally comes a plum pudding, burning bravely. The boys eat an appalling amount. Their appetites would shame the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers*. As Sam Weller said, they seem to "swell visibly."

Now one would think that quiet and peace would reign. Far from it. In not more than fifteen minutes we get up and go play games out of doors.

When the quick shadows of a December afternoon gather we meet in the big North Room, where there is a Christmas tree for all of us, including the people on the place.

By nightfall the grown-ups are worn out, and

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do not share the wish of the little girl for "Christmas every day."

We try to have the children get a little more than simply fun out of the celebration by teaching them that giving is as much a part of the day as receiving. Every child gives presents, not only to his brothers and sisters, but to his parents also. There is a cabinet in my wife's room crammed with treasures of this type. There are eggshells blown and painted, carved wooden paper cutters, a small boat made from a cake of soap with paper sails and toothpick mast, and a couple of dozen other similar gifts.

My wife's mother had the same idea about presents. Once when Eleanor was five or six years old she was sitting in her little chair sewing. It was just before Christmas. Her mother, who was in the room, thought it was a good chance to make sure that the little girl knew the significance of the festival that was approaching.

"Darling," she said, "do you know why we celebrate Christmas?"

Without hesitation Eleanor replied, "Why yes, Mother, it is God's little boy's birthday, and I am making Him a kettleholder."

On occasions such as Christmas, when a present is due me, Quentin, our youngest, is sometimes

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caught unprepared. It is vary hard when you are only eight to remember things for long. The first time this happened he made a hasty survey of his belongings. His two elder brothers who were helping him decided that a little carved wood dwarf was the only thing I would like. It was a hard blow for Quentin loved that little dwarf. My wife saw him while he was wrapping it up give it a kiss and say, "Goodbye, little dwarf."

Realizing the sacrifice, when the presentation was made I thanked Quentin effusively and asked him if he would keep it for me. Thus all the proprieties were observed and no heartburnings were caused.

This year the same thing happened and the same procedure was followed. Again the dwarf was the offering, and again I returned it.

Most of the presents to parents have the initials marked on them. If it is an egg, in paint; if it is a paper cutter or wooden box, by carving. The gifts to my mother for years were marked "M. R.," under the impression that those were her initials. They stood for Mother Roosevelt.

When Easter comes we have a mild and somewhat denatured Christmas. The Easter Bunny visits us and lays his eggs. These are presents for the various children. Masquerading as the Bunny



Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the present Colonel, with her son, Quentin.

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we hide them the night before in the house. As a few years make so much difference in children, we have no competition in searching for them. Each child has a particular part of the room where his gifts are hidden.

Mother once described to me an Easter at Albany during Father's term as Governor. Both of them were hiding the presents. It was late at night, and Father was tired after a long hard day's work. He put one present on the gas globe, where it was in plain sight. Mother protested, saying that anyone could see it there. Father defended himself and explained that the principle always advanced in detective stories was that the obvious was never evident. He was right. That was the last present found.

Another holiday that is always celebrated with pomp and circumstance is the Fourth of July. One feature we had when little I am happy to say has been abandoned. We boys in the early morning used to visit the neighbors' houses and fire salutes of firecrackers for the benefit of their sleeping tenants. It was eerie business prowling around those houses in the gray half-light. There was always the chance of an attack by a watchdog. Besides this, in one house lived a crusty old gentleman who was reputed to have fired a shot-

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gun at a boy who was "borrowing" some melons.

At last the well-justified protests of the neighborhood caused Cousin Emlen to forbid his sons, George and Jack, to go with us. That Fourth we shinnied up the post outside of their room and persuaded them to join us just the same.

We had a splendid time. After the sun was well up we walked back through the woods. Suddenly we heard the sound of whistling and saw Cousin Emlen walking towards us. He was slapping his leg suggestively with a whip. Without a word the rest of us faded quickly out of the picture, feeling that this was a family matter between Cousin Emlen, George and Jack.

The best way I can picture a Fourth, is to describe what happened last year. Though the dawn raids had been outlawed, all the children spent the morning setting off firecrackers. With the aid of tin cans they produced the most fearsome and awe-inspiring noises. After each thunderous explosion it seemed as if the lawn must be strewn with fingers and arms. I am sure that nothing saved the little boys but the interposition of that Providence which they are supposed to share with fools.

In the afternoon the second phase of the celebration began. All the Roosevelt children and

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some of their friends gathered at our house. That meant a party of thirty, for there are well over twenty Roosevelt children living at Cove Neck.

Games came first. These were organized with the aid of the parents who came with their offspring. The athletic field was the front lawn. It was necessary to divide the contestants into classes as they ranged in age from sixteen to six. To do so was difficult, as boys and girls ran around with such frantic energy. It was impossible even to count them.

When the classes were finally formed we had foot races, three-legged races, broad jumps, sack races and potato races. There were surprising reversals of form. Champions arose in the most unexpected places. Perhaps the most striking instance was in the sack race. After watching the three classes run their heats in this event, it seemed to me possible to combine winners for a grand championship event. This we did. The race was run amid frenzied excitement. The sixteen-year-olds were beaten. Sonny, aged eleven, won; pressing him closely and taking second money, was Clochette, Kermit's daughter. She is only seven, and a cunning little yellow-haired, black-hearted villain as active as a kitten.

When the games finished I gave out the prizes.

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These had been bought by Eleanor at the village. They consisted of alarm clocks, flashlights, knives, balls of twine and candy. To many grown-ups certain of these, notably the alarm clocks, may seem strange. Should this be the case it merely goes to prove that those grown-ups have forgotten their childhood. When you were ten years old, what could be more delightful than a clock of your own, to wind yourself, and to dissect if you wished?

The children clustered around and the presentation began. The scheme of award was not perhaps quite that of great conventionalized games. The main end sought was to arrange matters in such fashion that everyone had a prize.

Then came the supper, where the amounts stowed away, particularly by the little boys, was really remarkable. Afterwards there was to be a movie. Unfortunately, it was not ready. It was manifestly impossible to keep thirty active children in the house without an occupation. I was told to take them to the lawn and have some more games.

There comes a time when thinking up new games for children is next to impossible. The mind becomes a blank, the children clamor. It is worse than a college examination in a course whose lectures came at an inconvenient time. I started



Grace, daughter of the present Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

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them as rapidly as I could on anything—wrestling, high jumping, etc. They were filled with soup, chicken, bread, ice cream, cake, milk, and lemonade, but that made no difference to them. They ran around with the aimless fury of puppies.

At last Eleanor called that the movie was ready. In we all trooped. The picture was shown in the drawing room. All the household was assembled. Balocca, my orderly during the war, ran the machine. The children clustered on the chairs and sofas, chattering like so many magpies. In order to keep the light out the shades were pulled down and the doors were closed. The room grew hotter and hotter, until it bade fair to rival in temperature the Black Hole of Calcutta, but the children did not seem to mind. The film was one of Harold Lloyd, whose antics produced round after round of applause.

Half-way through I had to leave, as the fireworks were yet to come and my cousins George and Jack had arrived to get them ready. The first point we had to decide was where to set them off. If we used my lawn we would be firing them over the highroad. If we used the beach just across the road the children would be scampering over and back in front of the automobiles. Eventually we

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picked a strip of beach some distance away, backed by a salt marsh.

I got into the Ford, filled with boxes of fireworks and bumped over to the appointed place. It was dusk. We hastily separated the rockets, Roman candles, etc., and established a dead-line beyond which the children were not to go. This was hardly completed when the various family automobiles began to arrive—Fords and Chevrolets, station-wagons, Packards. From them spilled children in every stage of excitement.

We marshaled them in mob-formation to leeward and dealt out Roman candles to them. Of course the moment they lighted the candles they became oblivious of everything but the fascinating and slightly terrifying sparks that were flying. They wandered aimlessly back towards the boxes where the other fireworks lay; bellowing fiercely the grown-ups drove them away. One child in the absorption of the moment shot his Roman candle into Eleanor's foot, with disastrous effects to the foot.

In a short time the Roman candles were finished. Then came the larger fireworks. The grown-ups set these off. Even in these there was a certain degree of incident. Phil, six foot four and very slim, was knight-commander of the pinwheels.

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There was a series of explosions and then, half-concealed, half-revealed, in a sunburst of sparks, we saw Phil, lying on his back, apparently wrestling with a pinwheel. Later he explained that, when he had lit it, it had come loose from its fastening and chased him.

Rockets streaked the black sky, broke in stars and floated lightly down. Geysers spouted furnaces of flame. At last all was finished. Parents reclaimed their particular children. No one was badly burned. All had had a delightful time. One little blue-pinafores girl remarked as she scrambled into the automobile beside her father that she thought it "nearly as good as Christmas."

When we got to our house the children were sent to bed at once. A few moments later Eleanor and I started upstairs. As she left a note for Clara to call me next morning in time for the usual early morning train, Eleanor turned to me and said, "The Fourth—a holiday!"

ETHICS

RELIGION is necessary for the average person. By that I do not mean bigoted attachment to a dogma. That as a rule is stifling. Ethics and ideals, however, need religion as their base. If they do not have some firm rock such as a religious belief to which to fasten, they drift as drifts unattached seaweed which is finally cast on the shore and dies. This is particularly true with children, who are not abstract enough to be able to understand good for good's sake. Like primitive man, children endow inanimate objects with personalities. One of my babies banged himself on a chair. He got up very angry, waddled up to it, slapped it and shouted, "Bad boy, chair!" That chair was a person to him. It is for this reason we must make good and bad live as individuals for him.

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Religious teaching seems to fall largely to the lot of a mother. The father at best is merely a fortuitous aid in the background. When we were little, and with my children, this teaching started very young with prayers and Bible stories.

I hated to go to bed. The last chance of delaying this inevitable and unpleasant sequel to the delightful day was my prayers. At their end I used to "God bless" the family individually. This was my opportunity. I could not add one cubit to the length of the Lord's Prayer, but I could add to those who received individual attention. Time and again kneeling in my white "tommies" I added first the gardner and his family, then my cousins, then my boy friends, conscious all the while that Mother could not check me for this pious turn of mind. At last I ventured too far. Giving out of people I turned in desperation to the dogs and chickens. Mother interfered and told me that prayers were not to be used to keep me out of bed.

My own children's early taste in Bible stories turned principally to the bloody passages in the Old Testament. David's fight with Goliath was one of their favorites, I suppose because they could put themselves in David's place and because he disobeyed the orders of his elders with most glori-

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ous results. In the New Testament the miracles appealed to them. For a long while we had to touch but lightly on the Crucifixion, for it reduced them to tears.

When they were still quite young we began reading them the Bible. After finishing a chapter we would stop and ask if there were any questions. Otherwise very often we found that the child had either completely lost any idea of the meaning, or decided on some new and strange interpretation.

Two instances of this always stand out in my mind. One was a story of Father's youth. He had been taught the lovely old hymn that runs,

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed."

The meaning was never explained, and for years he thought it meant "Teach me to live that I may dread the grave because it is as little as my bed." He knew how small his crib was, and did not want to be confined in anything of that size permanently.

The other was when as children we were reciting hymns to my Mother. Archie had memorized a hymn by Watts on the Nativity. When he

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got to the third verse, we heard him recite not, "Coarse and hard our Saviour lay," but "Coughing hard our Saviour lay." He did not know what "coarse" meant, but he had suffered from croup and coughing hard had a very vivid meaning to him.

Every week we had a collect or a part of a hymn to memorize, and we established the same rule with our children. It is astonishing how much can be done at the end of a year in that fashion.

Of course we went to church. I have been in many great cathedrals which "set tall towers against the dawn," where the music rolled sonorously through the vaulted naves whose wealth of detail melted into darkness, but to me, church always means the little chapel at Oyster Bay where we went as children, and where my children in turn attended.

It was low, wood-built and rather battered by wind and weather. Around it stood great trees shading some old gravestones, whose moss-grown crumbling inscriptions dated back two hundred years when Oyster Bay was a frontier settlement. Often as a boy I have picked out laboriously the inscriptions and wondered what "Hezekiah, beloved wife of Jonas" looked like, and tried to picture the country where she lived, covered with forests

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filled with game and Indians—so different from the cheerful modern village.

Inside the church was equally modest. Brown varnished beams spanned the nave, the pews were of the same wood. When the prayers were unusually long and the stools on which we knelt unusually hard, we children used to bite the backs of the pews, or scratch our names on the varnish. The stained glass windows were on a scale with the rest of the building. They pictured little. Many times I have counted the colored panes when I should have been improving my mind by listening to the service.

The sermon, of course, is a difficult period for children. In it they can take no part, and therefore they like it least. I always put a handful of trinkets in my pocket, watch charms, old coins, etc., for judicious distribution to the youngest. My mother used to carry with her a small silver box from which she doled out bits of Maillard's chocolates, which if sucked carefully, not bitten, would last a long time.

In the summer at times we used to walk to church. That meant, of course, that the dogs came with us. Generally it was a hot day. The dust lay in pools on the dirt road. When we arrived in our white collars and serge suits the cool of

the arched doorway was very grateful. Once in the cryptlike silence of the church we settled comfortably in the pews.

Not so the dogs. They were not allowed within the building. They knew this, but they had no comprehension of the fact that decorum should be observed even outside. It seems as if it were yesterday that I sat in moist patience listening to those dogs. They lay on the mat at the church door. When a friend came they greeted him with enthusiastic flappings of their tails that sounded as if a half a dozen bass drums were being beaten. If some village dog chanced to pass nearby there would be a scramble and furious yelps as they drove him away.

Alas! All is changed now. The parish, more versed in modern improvements than the Bible—"Destroy not the ancient landmarks that thy fathers have made,"—have built a new graystone church where the old building used to stand. Though the old pews are within it, the rest of the structure is cold, new and formal. Never will I forget the old church. It was from there that my Father was buried. It was there that my youngest son Quentin, named after my brother who fell in France, was christened. Whatever time may bring in the way of improvements to Oyster Bay and

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our parish, to me there will always remain the memory of those days when I was young and when my children were young, and we worshipped in the old chapel.

Unfortunately, today there are many who have let the custom of church attendance with their children lapse. They are making a great mistake. Let me recommend it to them not only for the spiritual good it may do, but for the genuine enjoyment. There is a special type of pride that comes when you look down the length of the pew at your own brood, cropped heads alternating with curls—"Edwards and Dorothis, all their own." When the children are home I care for church much more than I do at other times.

Next to our church stood the modest parish house where Sunday school was held. When we were old enough we were encouraged by Father and Mother to teach. The classes were composed of six or eight. They were grouped as to age and sex. I fell heir to half a dozen little boys. In their Sunday best, on chairs much too large for them, they used to sit in a fidgety semicircle while I, who was not much older than they, led them through the hero tales of the Bible.

In these later days our children have had Sunday school at the house. We were away from

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Oyster Bay so much of the year that they drifted into it necessarily. The teacher was my daughter Gracie. When possible she gathered not only her own brothers but her cousins. The curriculum was more complicated than that of our youth. The class opened with a march to the music of a piano. Pictorial work was done.

At intervals my wife and I came as guests of honor to see some celebration. Once in Washington I was the audience at a Bible play. The children ranged in age from four years to the austere and ancient twelve of the teacher. The parts of the Biblical characters were taken by toys, the incident was Daniel's sojourn in the lions' den. Three chairs formed the den. Two lions were represented by a woolly teddy bear and a tiger. Daniel's part was taken by a golliwog. The first question to Teddy was, "What are in the den?" Without a moment's hesitation Teddy announced that the bear and tiger were lions. Next Quentin was asked as to the identity of the golliwog. In a surprisingly deep voice for his size—he was all of three feet high—he replied, "Adamaneve."

There were shocked murmurs of surprise, and the next in line with conscious pride answered "Daniel!"

The play progressed rapidly but vaguely to its

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conclusion. The scene shifted to the Garden of Eden. A plant from the drawing room table was the tree of knowledge. The teddy bear and tiger became just animals. A wooden snake appeared in the rôle of villain. The golliwog was Adam, and a doll dressed as a little girl impersonated the shameless undraped Eve.

Again Teddy led off, replying to the lead question that the place was the Garden of Eden. Again Quentin's turn came, and he was asked who were the people. He had learned his lesson. No one would catch him twice in the same way.—“Daniel!” he announced in sepulchral tones.

Never be shocked at children's familiarity with God. It is the most natural thing in the world, and implies confidence. After all, it is far better to have them think of God as a kindly person than to be like

“John Calvin, whose peculiar fad
It was to call God murderous.”

At the age of six my wife was with her mother in Rome. She had been trailed, a wide-eyed mite, behind a family party through picture galleries and palaces. One evening just after her prayers she remarked, “Mother, I don't like those pictures



Children of the present Colonel Roosevelt.

Left to right: Grace, Theodore, Cornelius and Quentin Roosevelt.

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of God in a traveling cloak. I think he wears a sailor suit. It is so much more friendly."

Of course all ethical teaching should be translated into the terms of everyday life. Listening to the sermons does the child no good unless he gathers the idea that he must try to practice the ideals he has heard. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." If parents wish their children to become more than lip-Christians they must try to make the child understand what decency means in actions. They must be shown that to be good is not namby-pamby—far from it. It is one of the most exciting adventures there is.

For instance, "Ye shall not oppress one another" is but half, and the least important half of the commandment. The other half is the positive, namely, stop others from oppressing the weak. That means for a child to stop the school bully when he is tormenting some little boy—an undertaking fraught with danger, as I have found out to my own cost.

I can remember the sinking in the pit of my stomach when Father explained to me that I must lick "Greenie," a boy who went to the public school with me in Washington, for throwing apples at my sister Ethel—an action with which I secretly sympathized. I did my best, but weight

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and age were against me. The results were not all I could have wished for. No one, however, could have accused my attempt to practice virtue in this instance of being either namby-pamby or dull.

Once at an earlier age I had a more happy adventure in this pursuit of robust righteousness. Father had told me that I must resent any insults to my personal honor. When he got back to the house one evening he found me awaiting a general court martial, charged with assault and battery on my smaller and younger brother, whom I had beaten over the head with a mechanical rabbit. When called on for an explanation I stated, "Kermit insulted me!"

One of the greatest mistakes that parents make with children is to believe that a double standard applies with them. There are many men and women who would not think of lying or breaking a promise to one of their own age, but who will do so without a moment's hesitation where children are concerned. Sometimes this is done under the specious pretext that it is for the child's good. Yet these same parents are shocked if their children lie or break a promise. If a father is not honorable in dealing with a child, how can he expect that child to heed wordy homilies on honor?

ETHICS

We always try to do unto a child as we would be done by. That was Father's policy also. Indeed he observed it so strictly that when we were young we sometimes took advantage of it. A confidence from a child was just as carefully kept by Father as a confidence from a President.

Once when six and eight respectively, Kermit and I were going on an exploring trip. The territory to be traversed was the second and third stories of our house in the country. Like all good explorers we decided we should have caches of food for this dangerous expedition. With a good deal of difficulty we collected from the pantry and kitchen an assortment of supplies—a few prunes, some maple sugar and candy, a few cookies and some crackers. The next step was to find a hiding place. After much debate we decided to put them under the pillow in the spare room bed.

When we had done this we took counsel and decided that if we were found out there would be trouble—even Mother was not broad-minded enough to allow food to be kept in the spare room bed. At once we went to Father and under promise of secrecy told him all about it. That put him on his honor. We finished our expedition and

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embarked on some other enterprise. The question of the cache slipped from our minds.

A guest came to stay. Our hoard was discovered. In a moment, in the "twinkling of an eye," we were called to the bar of justice. When charged with the crime we made no attempt to deny it, but shrilly protested that Father had known of it all along, thereby "averting the whip of calamity" from our heads and diverting it to him.

Another time at a somewhat older age I employed the same stratagem to advantage. George and Jack, my cousins, and I invented a new and very exciting game. We gathered at the turn of the main road where there was a cluster of apple trees and threw green apples at the vehicles that passed. It was more exciting than it would be to-day, for as it was before the days of automobiles we had as targets not only the occupants but the horses as well.

The afternoon passed with pleasing incident, altercations with wagon drivers and threats of pursuit. Finally a fly from the station hove in sight, bearing a single passenger. The old horse shambled along, kicking up puffs of dust. The even older driver encourages him with clucks and an occasional flick of the frayed whip. The dusty

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fringe around the top of the trap swayed in the breeze—everything was the picture of somnolent peace.

As one we let fly. An apple hit the horse which gave a startled leap. Another caught the passenger in the middle. A third knocked off his new straw hat. Without a word he leaped from the vehicle and ran toward us. Startled as we were, we knew our country far too well for any outlander to catch us. In a few minutes from a clump of bushes on a neighboring hill we were breathlessly watching him as he scrambled back into the trap, whose jehu had his horse under control again. They started down the road, and to my horror, turned into our entrance. By a circuitous route I hastily made my way home, only to confirm my fears—a guest, Colonel Andrews, had come to spend the night!

It was time for drastic action. I went to Father's dressing room and in confidence told him everything.

It was fortunate I did. When dinner time came and we were all assembled at table, Colonel Andrews said, "You know, a very odd thing happened to me today. Some village urchins threw green apples at me just before I got to your entrance."

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With one accord the eyes of the entire table turned towards me. Colonel Andrews gallantly protested that I could not be concerned, but it did no good. I stood convicted. At once I threw myself on the mercy of the court and called Father as witness for the defense.

All these incidents may seem very small and inconsequential. They formed for me, however, the code of ethics to which I have tried to hold in after life. I am sure that many men and women have played the game when difficult situations confronted them because of some half-forgotten happening of their childhood. The tragedy is that through laziness or indifference many parents have failed to give their children these memories.

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WHEN we were little and Mother told us some astonishing fact, we would say, "Mother, where did you hear that?" Very often she merely answered, "Children, from that military gentleman, General Information."

That should be the case with all well-read people. They should have a well shaken down, rounded knowledge that has long passed the stage of docketing. Information is valuable when it is always accessible. It must not be locked in the strong boxes of the mind, but kept where it can be taken out for use and enjoyment every day. When men and women are properly educated the homely, everyday incidents are always correlating themselves with memories of other happenings heard in conversations or read in books.

My Father's education was just of this sort. He

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was one of the most widely read men I have ever known. His knowledge stretched from babies to the post-Alexandrian kingdoms, and what was more, he could always lay his hands on it.

It made little difference into what channels the conversation turned. Sooner or later Father was able to produce information which often startled students of the theme under discussion. He knew the species of Hannibal's elephants through the shape of their ears as shown on the Carthaginian coins of the period. He could recite "The Song of Roland" in the original French. He knew the latest laws adopted in the reorganization of the State government in Illinois. He could tell you in detail the history of the heavyweight boxing champions. It was never safe to contradict him on any statement, no matter how recent you might feel your information was.

Once we were discussing the spelling of "chapps," those leather trousers worn by cow-punchers. After much debate we turned to the dictionary to decide the question. We found not only was Father right, but in addition he was the sole authority given in the dictionary for the spelling.

A just criticism of our education in this country is that often it is not of this readily available type. There are two main reasons for this. The first is,

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that parents do not recognize that the home has equal educational responsibilities with the school. The second is, that often education is not made interesting in either home or school, but is treated as a dreary drudgery—a task that must be unpleasant to be beneficial.

After all, home is where the normal child spends much of his time. There can always be family breakfasts and suppers, and delightful hours after supper in the evening.

If the parents will take the trouble, those hours can be filled not only with enjoyment but with good sound education. Of course this education must not for a moment be recognizable as such to the children. If it is, any well-regulated youngster will take infinite pains to avoid it. Whatever is done must be not only ostensible but actual pleasure. Information must be wedded to enjoyment in such fashion as to make the union a happy one.

There are any number of ways this may be accomplished; for example, reading aloud. Many books which I have enjoyed all my life were first read to me by Mother. In the corner of Mother's room is a comfortable, upholstered rocking-chair. It stands in front of a tall looking-glass, brought to this country by my great-grandfather in the days

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when large looking-glasses were so rare that strangers in New York City rang the doorbell and asked to be allowed to see it. I can never pick up *Pilgrim's Progress* without having rise before me the chair and mirror, for it was there that my Mother first read me of the adventures of Christian and Great Heart.

In the corner of the library stands a shabby brown sofa which suggests *Ivanhoe*, for I sat on it and endeavored to choke back my grief over the horrible difficulties of poor old Isaac of York.

There are trials for a parent reading aloud to children. There is no question about that. "Why's" are as plentiful in a boy's vocabulary as daisies in a Long Island meadow.

When Father read to us we all interrupted him continually with questions, but Kermit was by far the worst offender. One "why" bred another so quickly in his mind that soon the reading almost stopped. Father hit on a device to save the situation. He said he would answer all questions, but "not until the reading was finished for the day." This served a double purpose. It allowed him to read without interruptions and cut down the number of questions greatly, because we forgot all but the last couple. Kermit tried to overcome this difficulty by getting pencil and

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paper and writing them down as they occurred. In those days his ability as a chirographer was much that of Bill the Lizard. If he wrote carefully it took too long. If he did not, he could not read what he had written. As a result even this device failed.

It is always difficult to tell exactly what children get from what you are reading to them. Once I read my daughter a story I had written on the War. She listened apparently with rapt attention. I became quite excited by my own narrative. It seemed to me not only that I had written it well, but that I was reading it well. I finished and sat back. There was a pause, while I looked at her and felt instinctively that she realized the heroism and pathos of the incident. Suddenly Gracie looked up, and in a solemn voice said, "Father, how do you spell battalion?"

Sonny one evening showed me an examination in mythology he had had that day in school. Together we went over it. One question read, "Who was the god of the earth and home?" I asked his answer. Without hesitation he replied, "Bacchus!"

Not only should the parents read to the children, but later the children themselves can read aloud. Furthermore, there is no real need after a certain period of anyone reading aloud. All can se-

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lect their corners, hunch comfortably by the lamp, bury themselves in their books, and have a delightful family evening. It is so comforting when you come on some particularly interesting passage to be able to stop and demand the attention of the entire family for a discussion. What is more, anyone who demands the attention of his family for such a discussion is certain to develop different points of view and "twenty curious scraps of knowledge."

Nine times out of ten it is the way a subject is approached that makes the difference between like and dislike in a child's mind. For example, the Bible. Aside from its religious aspect, there is nowhere in the English language a more magnificent piece of writing. Its splendid rhythmical prose rings with sonorous cadence. The imagery of Isaiah is varied and vivid. The Epistle to the Corinthians lifts its hearers like the blare of trumpets. The philosophy of Proverbs and Job is as living today as when the old Hebrew scribes penned them thousands of years ago in sun-scorched Palestine. The trouble is that often the Bible is approached as a penance. It is robbed of its beauty by well-meaning people who feel that it is in some fashion irreverent to treat it as splendid literature. To them religion must not be easy, but dour.

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Of course this is all wrong. When children are little they should first be taught the Bible stories as patterns are printed on needlework designs. Then the Scriptures should be read to them as the patterns on the design are blocked in with flaming colors.

Poetry is an endless source of enjoyment to those who are fond of it. There is no reason why all should not be fond of it. If the father and mother will read verses aloud to the children they soon begin to care for it. My first acquaintance with poetry came long before I could read. There were whole poems that I knew by heart just from hearing them repeated by Father or Mother. When Father was dressing for dinner we used to gather in his room and he amused us by reciting to us. In this way I learnt nearly all of "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" and a dozen other poems.

When I was sick Mother used to recite to me. "Hearken, lady, to a tale," always brings back to me the small iron bed in the school infirmary when I had pneumonia, Mother sitting by me in a green shirtwaist with brass buttons, her voice soothingly recounting the bloody adventures of Branksome and the Bettisons.

Since those days I have turned to poetry for pleasure and consolation at many times and in

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many places. When Kermit and I were traveling in Central Asia, the verse that we had been taught to love stood us in good stead. As we rode mile after mile over the sandy, limitless deserts or through the winding mountain defiles, we recited. Sometimes we would recite antiphonally, sometimes we both would chant the poems together. The land of Genghiz Khan resounded to the "Saga of King Olaf," or "Ulysses."

Moving up at night to the battle of Soissons in the car with me was a young officer named Dabney Kern, who died gallantly at the head of his men next day. Through the long hours of darkness, as the trucks chugged and slithered in the mud, we repeated poems of which we were both fond.

It is education of this type that can be done effectively in the family. The three "R's" of course do not find their place in the curriculum of the home. They are the province of the schools. Any attempt to introduce them into the family usually meets with failure.

Once my Father decided that he would try to teach me the letters of the alphabet. There was in the library a plump brown book on natural history. It was called "Homes Without Hands," and was filled with the most fascinating drawings of animals doing all manner of things. Naturally

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I coveted it. Father told me he would give it to me as soon as I could remember the letter "H" with which the title began. The result was that as far as I was concerned, that letter was driven almost completely out of my head. For months it was the one letter of which I was never sure.

In both home and school the effort must be made to make whatever is being taught as interesting as possible. For example, history can be a fascinating and exciting study. The trouble is that too often it becomes merely a string of desiccated dates.

The children are told to study the chapter dealing with the Long Parliament. The recitation period comes. Sitting behind his yellow varnished desk, the master says, "James, what was the date of the convening of the Long Parliament?" From then on the lesson develops into a memory test, for what to the children are a series of meaningless figures, memorized for the moment and forgotten immediately. No one pictures in living terms to them the dramatic dissolution of the Rump by Cromwell, when he lost all patience with its shifty trickery. No one points out to them that this action of Cromwell's stamped him as a smaller man than Washington, who unflinchingly bore the

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insults and incompetency of the Continental Congress.

Dates, after all, are merely a method of fixing the relation of occurrences. In and of itself there is nothing sacrosanct about a date. What is really important is the condition that begot the happening to which the date is attached, and it is that condition which properly told will interest the child.

Generally history is taught as if each nation were in a little air-tight compartment with no relationship to the other powers of the day. When I went to school we started methodically with Greece. The next year we had Rome. Then came England. At no time did we have any idea while studying the happenings in one country how the rest of the world was progressing. Henry the Eighth was to me merely a gentleman who showed a great predilection for wives. I could not have told what other kingly actors were striding the boards while he reigned. Francis the First and Charles the Fifth were only casually mentioned in my English history. Pope Julian went unnoticed. I got no picture of Europe as a whole. The great forces of the Reformation and Martin Luther were entirely unassociated in my mind with anything that was happening in England.



Gracie Roosevelt, daughter of the present Colonel Roosevelt.

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This should not be the case. When it is necessary to teach a nation's history as a unit there should be frequent lectures by the masters on world relationships. Such movements as the Reformation should be explained in their international, rather than simply their national scope.

Above all, history should be made to live. The characters should not be pale, unsubstantial creatures, trailing behind them a string of dates, but men and women. One of Macaulay's historical essays with its vivid portrayal is worth a volume of ponderous Mommsen.

It is the little scenes that make the picture glow with reality. Children are like the soldier in the War, who did not care much about the freedom of the seas or the invasion of Belgium, but was willing to "charge an army, single-handed at the double," when he saw the "little gardens rooted up" that were just like his at home.

The Religious Wars in France are made to live for me by a series of pictures I have in my mind of what happened. I can see Admiral Coligny in sudden flight, splashing through the shallow waters of the Loire in the gray of early dawn, a wide-eyed child on his saddle bow, his wife and a few faithful followers silently riding behind. I can see grim old Montmorency lying wounded by his

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dead horse on the battlefield when, "deserted by his friends but not by his manhood," he refused to surrender and was killed. Could anything be more vivid than St. Louis' conversation with the Sieur de Joinville on the subject of deadly sin and leprosy? Washington seems to me as if he were an acquaintance when I think of him riding through the streets of Philadelphia, hooted by the crowd. History was made for me by these relatively unimportant side-lights which turned it from a task into an enthralling tale.

Geography is a part of history. Not only maps should be used but photographs. The epic victory of the citizen-soldiers of Athens over the Persian invaders at Marathon was merely a few lines of print until I read, "The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea," and saw a photograph of the battlefield. The westward march of the covered wagons with the hardships and romance should be told with map and pictures to a child. A child should see that splendid moving picture, "The Covered Wagon."

I believe that every instructor should take pains to create for his class the physical picture of the times. In dealing with Elizabethan England, he should picture the London of the times, the twisting muddy streets, the wooden-gabled houses, the

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fearful stench, the crowds of riotous apprentices, the street venders. He should tell them of the country life, of the difficulty of travel, the comparative isolation of the country folk. Once he has done this, Elizabeth, Burleigh, Raleigh or Shakespeare have a background. We have scenery in the modern theatre to help the audience understand the play. In the same fashion we should have a background for our history.

My Father always lived the scenes he recounted and told of small incidents in historic scenes as if he had been there himself. Much of the groundwork of my history I got when as a little boy of eight or nine I walked with him to his office in the morning. As he strode over the wide, tree-shaded, half-empty streets of Washington, I pattered at his side and listened enthralled to tales of "sea fights and land fights grim and great." Occasionally we would stop and he would draw for me in the dust of the gutter the plan of some battle.

The other day reading my daughter Gracie's diary, written when she was twelve, I came on this entry:

"Father has come home. He tells us stories of Hannibal and his brother's head. Goody!"

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The subject may have been a bit bloody, but it evidently interested her.

The thoughts I have outlined as to the teaching of history apply equally to other subjects. The same can be said of literature. Great poems or plays must not be introduced to children as if they were merely catch-word puzzles where the author's object was to trip the reader by some carefully veiled allusion. There is a constant and foolish tendency in schools to treat literature as a test of obscure information and mental gymnastics.

The scene is a class room. At his desk on a slightly raised platform sits the master. Open before him lies the textbook. In front of him ranged behind wooden desks with cast-iron legs sit numerous duplicates of Penrod Scofield.

The lesson for the day is that splendid poem of Milton's, *L'Allegro*, whose rhythmical cadence runs like the current of a great river.

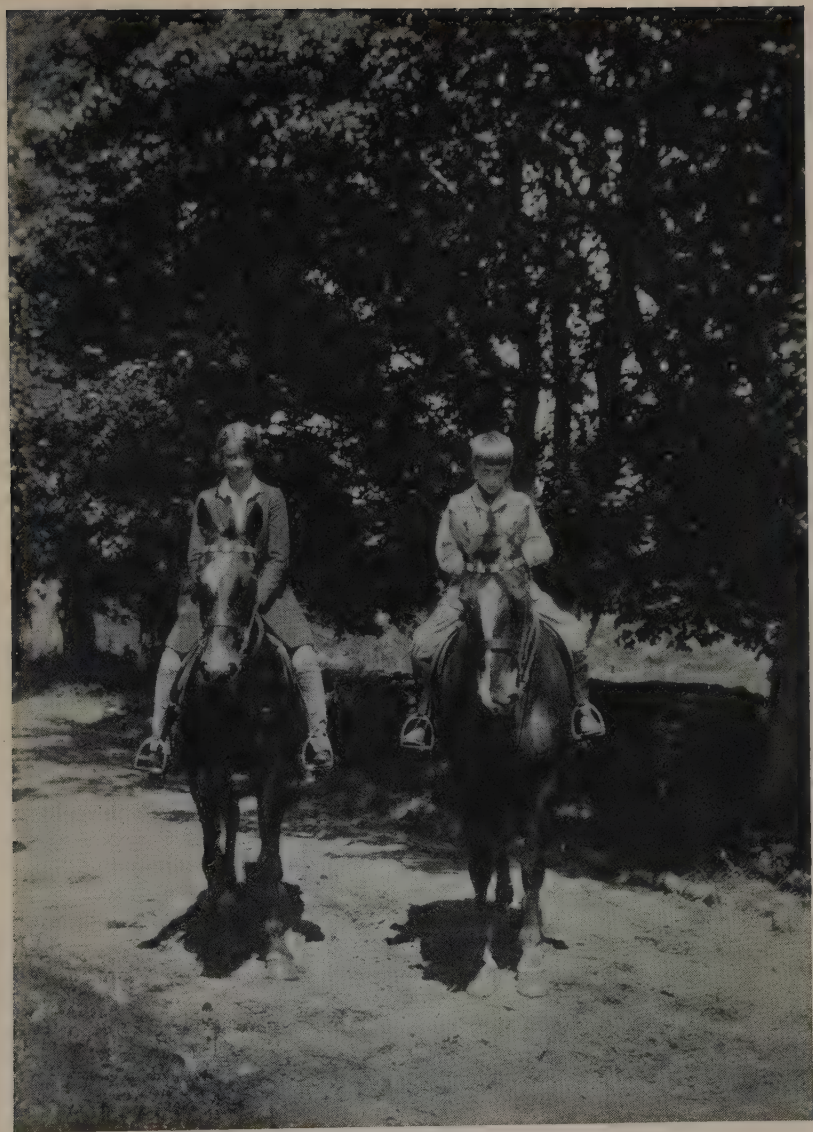
"George, read the first stanza."

A little boy shuffles to his feet and begins:

"Hence, loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

"Stop, George. Who was Cerberus?"

An interlude follows, while with the aid of a



Grace and Cornelius, children of Theodore Roosevelt (the present Colonel).

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couple of other little boys Cerberus is tracked to his lair and explained.

The reading is at length resumed, only to be halted in the next few lines while "Stygian caves" are run down.

So the class drones through its period. At the end of the hour, not a child has any appreciation of the beauty of the verse. The little boys leave firmly convinced that Milton was a malevolent old man who wrote in cryptograms, and that his blindness was a just punishment for his disposition.

The only bright moment I can recall in a similar class was when we were studying *Il Penseroso*. We were engaged in this time-honored custom of mangling the poets. The lines had been read,

"Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem."

Immediately the reader was stopped.

"Charles, who was Memnon's sister?"

In an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, without an instant's hesitation, Charles replied, "Aggie-Memnon!"

Of course it goes without saying that such methods with poetry are all wrong. The artistic beauty of the finished building is what counts

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primarily, not the geological derivation of the stones that go to its upbuilding. To discuss Milton in terms of the allusions in his poems is as bad as to consider the Sistine Madonna in terms of the chemical compounds of the paint with which it was created.

Read the poem first. Give the child the impression of its sweep and majesty. Then explain the allusions so that they get the general idea of what the references are, but don't lose sight of the city for the houses.

At college Dean Briggs used to read aloud to us. Those days are still clear in my memory. I never think of Kipling's "Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" but I find myself back in the venerable time-worn room in squat red-brick Harvard Hall. The dust swims in the sunlight that streams in through the windows while the Dean's voice rises and falls in that masterpiece of short stories.

Many poems I enjoyed long before I knew just what each individual word meant. What is more, if I had not grown to love them then, I don't think I should ever have done so.

It is a good thing, whenever possible, to encourage children to write. There is no training which yields such rich dividends in after years. In any business and in private life the ability to express

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yourself well is of great value. The man who splits an infinitive may not "cut a throat," but he certainly makes a poor impression. Ideas he is unable to express lose much of their value.

When we were youngsters we all of us wrote more or less, and since we have grown up we have continued. My wife the other day showed me a battered blank book in which I had laboriously recorded in pencil, "How We Shot My First Possum." The "We" referred to Father, who did the shooting. I was only six and had no part in the proceedings other than to dance excitedly about while he fired. Mother said that when I came back to the house that evening I explained to her that it was "the first time I seen a fella killed."

Our daughter Gracie has shown the greatest bent of any of the children in this direction. When she was a mite of a girl she kept a diary and edited a weekly magazine as well.

The diary was very amusing. She kept it religiously. Sometimes her entries were voluminous as the folds of a mid-Victorian skirt. At other times they were brief as a schoolboy's letter.

"March 7th—nothing much."

"March 16th—nothing. I made up a poem called Dawn."

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"March 21st—Hurray! It is spring. Henceforth I will rite in ink to praise spring."

"May 6th—I went to say goodbye to Auntie Sister (Alice Longworth). She came out and growled and we had a lovely time."

The magazine was called "The Sunday Visitor." As editor she not only contributed the literary matter but transcribed it as well. It had different divisions—a moral department, nature study, poems, a continued story, a conundrum each issue, cartoons, weather forecasts, and a picture section. The continued stories were generally of a bloody and exciting nature—sometimes a "traggedy." The moral department mainly comprised advice to her small brothers: "Now, children, sometimes you think you are very good, but you are very bad compared to other children." "Now, children, when anybody scolds you don't fidgit and wriggle." "Now, children, do not eat candies on the sly."

The nature study gave information of varied sorts: "The snake belongs to the reptiles." "You must learn something. What is 4 times 16? It is 64." "When was America discovered? In 1492." "How do you spell Hallelujah. You spell it H A L L E L U J A H, there!"

Under poems there were such verses as the following:

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"The pussy cat went out to sea
oh! it was very very brave
and pussy's cunning little boat
went underneath the wave.

But pussy cat sat on his tail
and used his whiskers for a float
and pussy cat sailed home again
without his little boat."

An example of conundrums was the following:
"What lives in a little small house in any shape
that the house may be, but it cannot get out unless
somebody opens its door and when it comes out
is round. What is it? (Find the answer in the
next Sunday Visitor)." The next Sunday Visitor
carried the following statement: "Answer to last
week's riddle, paste."

When men and women are older, those who are
most successful are those engaged in work which
is a pleasure to them. That is natural, because they
do their work with more spirit. To them, punch-
ing the time clock does not personify their busi-
nesses.

By the same token, the way to educate children
is to make education not simply a dreary task but
as far as possible an interesting pursuit.

